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champagne story

'Um casal raro'

(A RARE COUPLE)

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Chelsea Pair of Candelabra, circa. 1755
by Antique Porcelain Co. Ltd.
London and New York.

Photograph by Percy Hennell



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The champagne story begins on the cover and continues through the fashion section from page 592 onwards. The cover girl in John Hedgecoe's picture at the House of Taittinger in Rheims wears a champagne dress and white pleated Terylene chiffon dress by Dorville, 22 gns. at Liberty; Olive Walton Moseley. Her lipstick is Elizabeth Arden's Silver Pink. A story from nearer home is supplied by writer Peter Carvell and photographer Richard Swayne whose portrait of the festival town of Aldeburgh appears on page 587. Nearer yet is the joyful chronicle of men who can cook. J. Roger Baker reports on them from page 583

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

The Queen will attend the 700th Anniversary of Parliament at Westminster Hall, 22 June.

Princess Margaret & the Earl of Snowdon will attend the Victoria League dinner-dance, at the Dorchester, 24 June. (Details, BEL 2201.)

Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent, will attend a concert by Campoli (violin) and Gerald Moore (piano) in the Royal Hospital Chapel, Chelsea, in aid of the Red Cross, 7.45 p.m., 24 June. (Details, FLA 8550.)

Royal Ascot, to 18 June.

Bath Festival, to 20 June. (Tickets, Bath Festival Society 37 Gt. Pulteney St., Bath.)

Antique Dealers' Fair, Grosvenor House, to 24 June.

Oxford University Drag-hounds and Bullingdon Club dance, Cliveden, Taplow, 17 June.

Aldeburgh Festival, 17-27 June.

Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon, 21 June-3 July.

Commemoration Ball, Oriel College, Oxford, 22 June.

The Neptune Ball, Petworth House, Sussex, 9 July, in aid of the National Trust Appeal to save the coastline. (Tickets, £3 10s., inc. champagne, soft drinks, light supper and breakfast, from the Ball Secretary, 6 Glendower Place, S.W.7.)

Students' Residential Centres dance, Little Ship Club, E.C.4, 9 July. (Tickets, £2 2s. inc. buffet supper, from Mrs. A. Barry, c/o Young & Rubicam, Greater London House, N.W.1.)

Red Cross Ball, Durham Castle, 16 July, in aid of the Co. Durham Branch, B.R.C.S. (Double tickets, £3 15s., inc. wine with supper, from Mrs. R. W. Annand, Durham 2826.)

POLO

Cowdray Park. Cooch Behar Cup; first rounds Benson Cup, 20 June. **Ascot Week Tournament**, Windsor, to 20 June.

CRICKET

Test Match: England v. New Zealand, Lord's, 17-22 June.

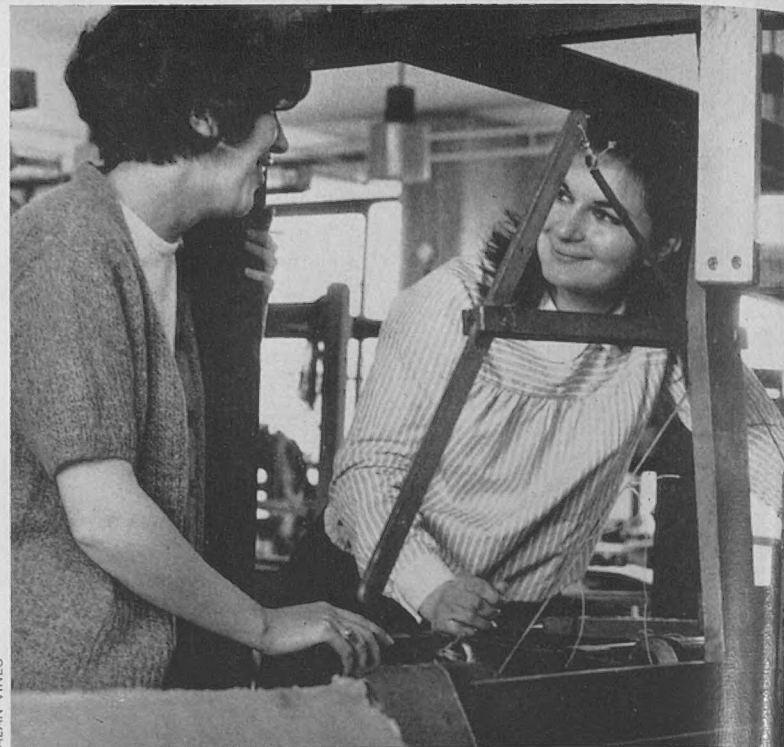
Highland Bde. Club v. Household Bde, The Grange C.C., Edinburgh, 11 a.m., 23 June.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Swan Lake*, tonight, 23 June; *Solitaire*, *The Invitation*, *Dances Concertantes*, 18 June; *Sylvia*, 21 June; *The Lady & The Fool*, *The Invitation*, *Pineapple Poll*, 25 June. 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *La Bohème*, 17, 19, 22, 24 June, 7.30 p.m.

Royal Festival Hall. Malcuzyński (piano), tonight; New Philharmonia, 17 June; Cleveland Orchestra, 21, 22 June, 8 p.m. B.B.C. Light Music Festival, 19 June; L.S.O., 20 June, 7.30 p.m. (WAT 3191.)



ALAN VINES

Off to Japan this summer with reasonable luck are Royal College of Art students Frances Reid, left, and Ann Butler whose department is woven textiles. They have been given the opportunity to work at the Union of Textile Industries in Hachioji where they will observe and be trained in every aspect of silk textile production with a view to adapting some Japanese methods and techniques to British industry. Their journey will take them across Germany and Poland to Moscow, then via Asiatic Russia to Japan. But though they will be paid and housed there the girls still have to find their own £145 return fare

Sadler's Wells. *Gipsy Baron* (last perf.), tonight; *Barber of Seville* (last perf.), 17 June; *Orpheus In The Underworld*, 18, 19 June. 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3). **Country House Music**: **Charlecote Park**, Stratford-on-Avon, Smetana String Quartet, 8 p.m., 18 June; **Petworth House**, Sussex, de Peyer Trio, 7.30 p.m., 20 June. (PRI 7142.)

English Bach Festival, Oxford, 24 June-4 July. (HYD 6000.)

Kenwood Lakeside Concert. City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, 19 June, 8 p.m.; **Kenwood House**, Jacqueline de Pré ('cello), Stephen Bishop (piano), 20 June, 7.30 p.m.; **Holland Park**, Manolita y Rafael Aguilar & Company,

21, 28 June, 7.30 p.m. (WAT 5000, Ext. 8060.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, to 15 August. **Pasmore Exhibition**, Tate Gallery, to 27 June.

GARDENS

St. John's Wood: 9, 36 Springfield Rd., 19 June; 38, 47 Acacia Rd., and 25, Henstridge Place, 26 June. Admission 1s., 3 on one day 2s. 6d.

FIRST NIGHT

Duke of York's. *The Killing of Sister George*, 17 June.

BRIGGS by Graham



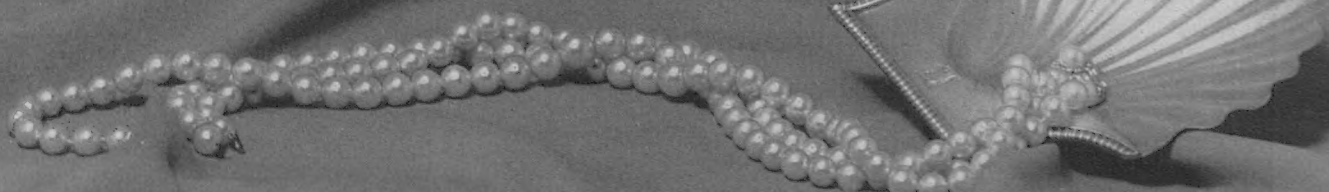
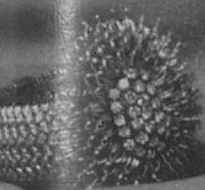
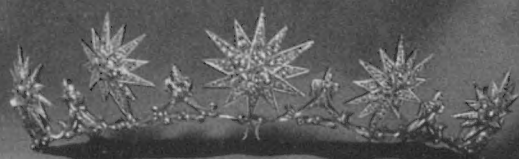


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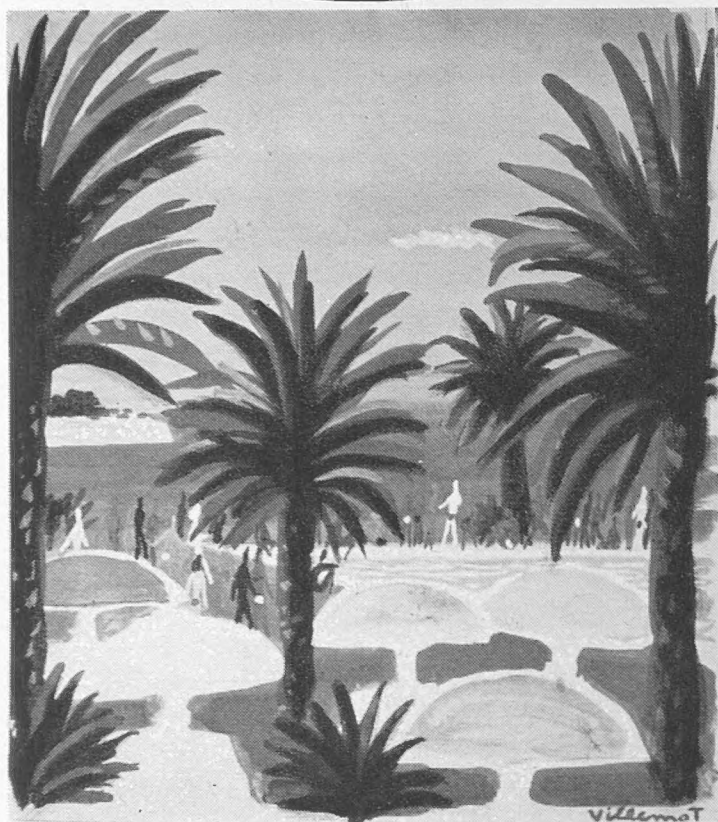
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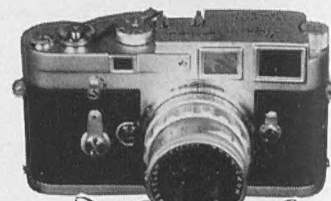
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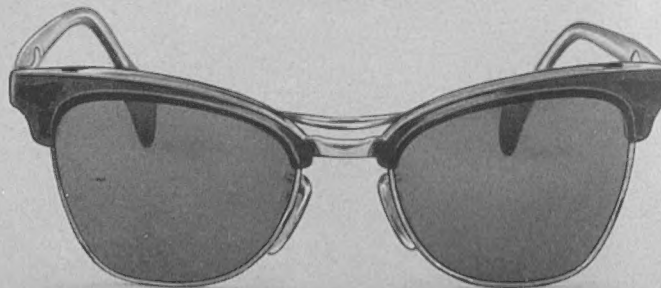
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
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GOING PLACES



ABROAD

There can be no two ways about deserts. Either you find them the most depressing landscape on earth; or you see, in their apparently featureless emptiness, something not only beautiful but almost satisfying (the "almost" is the whole point). Small wonder that the Bedouin rove: it would be unthinkable to stay still in a desert.

The rolling yellow sands of the Sahara are what most people think of; but not all deserts are like that. Jordan's desert highway carves a long, straight tarmac streak from Amman down to Aqabar and the Red Sea Gulf, and is bordered by flat scrub which, in the spring, almost hides a paradise of wild flowers. Few other prospects would ever have persuaded me to rise at half past four in the morning, for only at this first light can you see the pale, pure rose and violet, the golden and dark blue shadows which the high sun renders into a monotone.

The pull-ins of the highway are a study in themselves. In one of these, where we stopped for breakfast at seven, a mahogany face with a broad smile bade us good morning (in richly Oxford accent), cracked and swallowed three raw eggs in succession, wiped

his jack knife and proffered it for getting sardines out of a tin. There were no forks, he said, but would we like some whisky? At another establishment, the proprietor produced bunches of rubbed mint to offset the diesel fumes of some waiting lorries. They grow this mint in old oil cans for making mint tea (as refreshing a drink as you can find in the desert); otherwise, you must content yourself with Pepsi, or bright, fizzy mineral water. Pull-ins don't have the romance of the old caravan staging points, but they do have ice boxes and an odd hospitality.

Just before the highway drops through the hills of Edom into the Gulf, the landscape changes dramatically: suddenly, out of the flatness, there are distant cone shaped peaks that float like icebergs in the sea of sand and light. This is the edge of Wadi Rum, in whose interior Lawrence maintained one of his most vital supply bases. It is a landscape out of Dali, and even in the hot sunshine of May the desert winds blow chill across it. Plans are on hand to operate organized safaris into the interior; and some two day camel safaris, locally fixed up from Aqabar, already exist. Known so far

only to the Desert Legion and the unit who shot the film, Wadi Rum is untapped territory to the average tourist. I wondered how many of those I saw, swarming the rest house of nearby Petra, would be prepared to travel as their forbears did, escorted by Thomas Cook; to sleep, with their spirit stoves and their water bottles, under canvas, and the watchful eye of the dragomen?

Baedeker's 1912 edition on the Middle East harks back to those great old days, before travel got homogenized. "Travellers" (to Petra) "are warned against the exorbitant demands of the Sheikh of Elji for opening the tomb of Aaron, and may cheerfully forgo a visit to the uninteresting inner chamber . . ." But the matchless marvels of this ancient rock-hewn city, that lies just off the desert highway, have now, inevitably, been neatly tucked into a day trip on the average tour. Rows of shiny limousines, drawn up by the rest house, decant passengers of varying nation-

ality and equestrian prowess to ride down the track, the dragomen crying *hra!* and goading the reluctant horses.

My own attention was divided between the famous Treasury, at the end of the sik; a French guide (Mesdames, s'il vous *plait!*) in charge of a scattered and footsore party, and a solitary Englishwoman attired in an Arab kefta, complete with BEA holdall, fly-whisk and cigarette. At the original rest house in the middle of the ancient city they gather, where the merchant princes from Baghdad once did, to drink beer at 5s. a bottle, before toiling up the steep, boulder strewn slope to the Dheir. Fortunately for the dedicated, who deserve their solitude, the prospect of the cliff thins out the crowds. I first saw the height of Petra early one March morning three years ago, when there was nobody there at all. Not only the Dheir, carved gigantic out of the rocks; but the setting and the view from it are, in the right circumstances, still worth a trip to Jordan. But travelling during the summer months, at any rate, the wise thing is to forget the convenient-sounding blandishments of the day trip. Spend the night in the new, outer



The Roman theatre at Amman



PHOTOGRAPHS: J. ALLAN CASH

A view over Amman

rest house, which has clean, simple rooms and a pretty restaurant; and ride down to the city at dawn.

Aqabar, Jordan's Red Sea resort, is only 90 minutes' drive from Petra. It is a white little fishing village that nestles behind a row of palm trees at the edge of the water. Aqabar shares this narrow gulf, ringed by rose brown mountains, with Saudi Arabia, Israel and Egypt, but it feels oddly self-contained. Whereas its *vis-à-vis*, Eilat, is a thrusting frontier town, Aqabar, along whose shores Moses encamped during the Exodus, seems content to drowse in the hot sunshine. King Hussein himself first popularized the sport of water-skiing there, and glass bottomed boats ply the reefs above amazing sea gardens of flower shaped coral and fern fronded abysses. The swimming in this vibrant blue water, clear to the depths, is wonderful. The Aqabar Beach is a pretty, small hotel with some bedroom cottages, and more hotels are planned: the sun scorches through the crystalline air even in February, and rain is almost unknown.

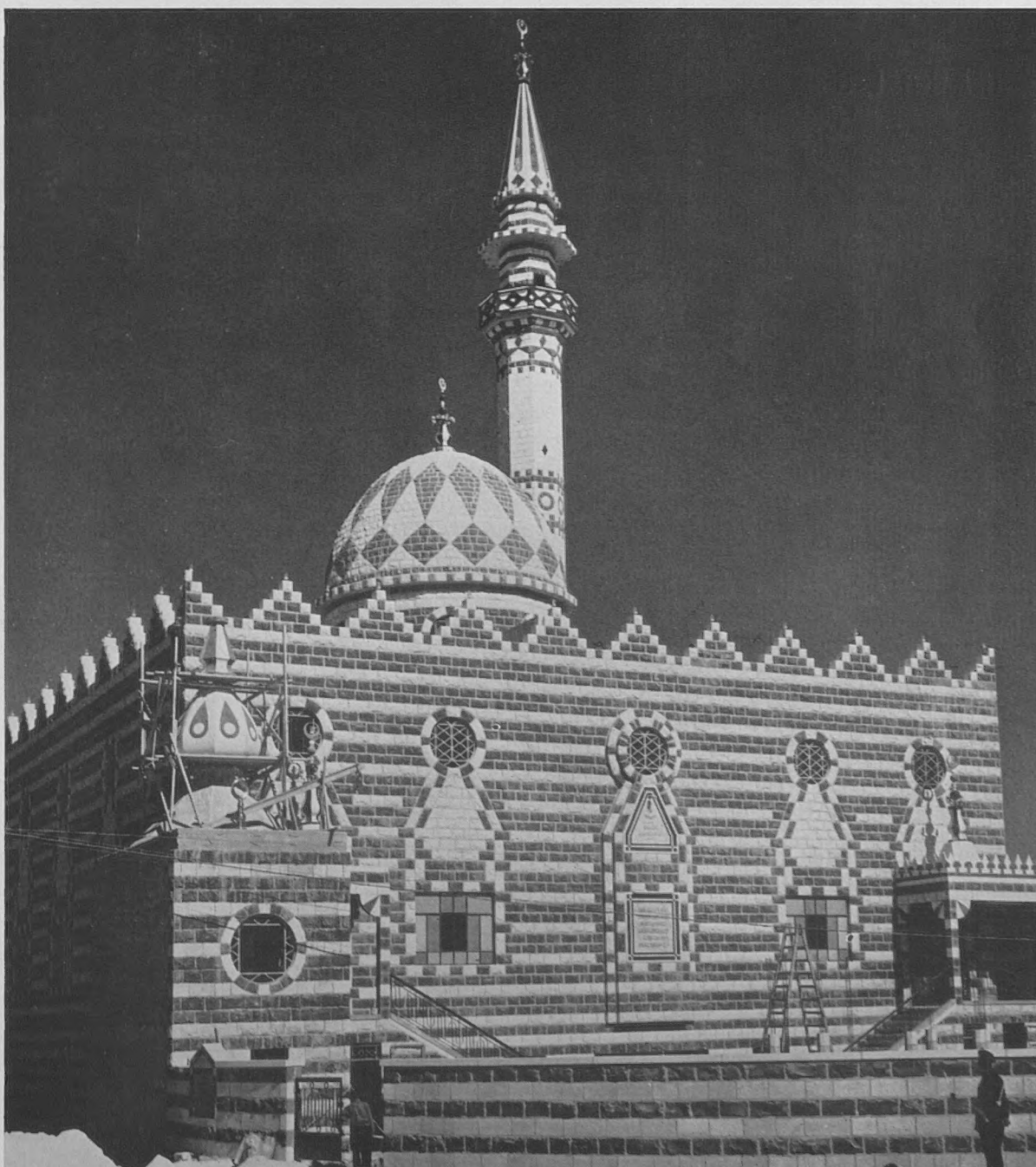
This desert area of Jordan has great appeal. Apart from Petra for which, after 13 centuries of oblivion, one could wish a happier fate, its potential is almost untapped. At its best it is late and early season territory, particularly good for March/April and October/November.

Outside of Amman and Jerusalem, life is a good deal less sophisticated than in Morocco, Egypt and the Lebanon. But that is part of the appeal. The innate Arab hospitality runs strong in the Jordanians, together with an engaging desire to please and to welcome.

I flew to Amman in BOAC's superb new VC 10, and to such a degree of vibrationless comfort one longs to cry: Hold, enough! This, for me, is where the jet age should stop, for the VC 10 is about as close to perfection as air travel can get. Six-footers and fifteen-stoners can stretch and slumber happily, even in Economy Class seats; neurotics can forget they're airborne. The flight, twice a week, direct from London to Amman, is just under five hours, leaving London at 12.30 p.m. and reaching Amman at 6.25 p.m., local time. Lowest fare is £99 15s. for a 23-day excursion, rising to £210 18s. for first class yearly return. Prices for current tours, 15 days inclusive of hotels and sightseeing, range from £194 per person.



The beach at Aqaba



A mosque in Amman

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GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. Closed Sundays

W.B. Wise to book a table

Fifty-Five, 55 Jermyn Street. (HYD 2011.) C.S. This restaurant, now one of the Vydra group, has really two separate identities. At lunchtime it is a useful place for a business luncheon, or a meal when shopping in this part of the world. At night it is popular with the younger set who like dancing to Murray Lucas and his band. The unusual decor makes skilful use of half-arches, portraits and a large looking-glass panel to create an atmosphere of restfulness and intimacy. The fixed charge for luncheon is 22s. 6d. plus a cover charge of 1s. 6d. I had potted shrimps—I could have had smoked salmon or *pâté*—a whole roast *poussin* with spring vegetables, and fresh strawberries and cream. In other words, a very adequate meal, well prepared and well served. I did not drink wine, but the list, with the resources of a large group behind it, is well chosen. If you want an evening out at a fairly reasonable cost, 55 is a place to remember. W.B. (evenings).

Berkeley Hotel Restaurant, Berkeley Street. (HYD 8282.) I heard recently, with notable pleasure, that the rebuilding of the Berkeley has been postponed. I hope this is true for I should hate to see this room go; it has so many happy memories for me. But apart from that it retains an air of elegance and an atmosphere conducive to unhurried enjoyment of good food and fine wines such as is not easy to find today. *Confort cossu* is the term for it. Besides the *à la carte* menu, with the main dishes about the 18s. 6d. mark, there is a *table d'hôte* luncheon for 30s., with a generous choice in each course. The wine list contains some of the finest wines to be found anywhere in London: it repays careful study. It would be interesting to know what percentage of the customers who use this restaurant are regulars; my guess is that it is unusually high. Many famous *maitre d'hôtels* have been in charge of this room, including the famous Ferraro. Under Mr. Galbiati the standard of service is maintained at a level of which his predecessors would have approved. W.B.

Money under the floorboards

Recently, taking luncheon at Percy Fox's, I had the pleasure of meeting M. Victor Lanson, and of drinking both his Black Label and 1959 vintage wines. He was in the best of good spirits and has good cause to be. He told me that in the vast cellars under his house at Rheims there are six million bottles of Lanson champagne. They are worth about £10 million. Not surprisingly, he is at the moment more interested in quality rather than quantity in his grapes. At the end of this luncheon we drank a splendid port, Warre's 1922.

Wine note

Recently I tasted two pleasant Anjou rosé wines, shipped by J. B. Reynier. They were Clos-du-Layon and the slightly sweeter Cabernet Rosé. After

the Budget impost the price will be about 11s. to 12s. per bottle.

... and a reminder

Maison Basque, 11 Dover St. (HYD 2651.) With its warm, friendly atmosphere, fine wines, and good French cooking, it has maintained its popularity with the discerning for many years.

Stafford Hotel Restaurant, St. James's Place, S.W.1.

(HYD 0111.) Elegance, comfort, and good service, as a frame for high-class cooking.

Au Père de Nico, 10 Lincoln Street, Chelsea. (KNI 4704.) French in atmosphere and cuisine, but prices of wine and food are moderate. N.B. the 10s. luncheon.

Mitchell's of St. James's, St. James's Street. (TRA 3728.)

Open 8 p.m. to 3 a.m. A new and most elegant night restaurant with bar and two bands. Free garage parking.



Director Peter Cotes goes over a scene with Mary Hinton, left, and Eva Bartok who play widows in the Claudine Henry drama *Paint Myself Black* currently at the New Arts Theatre. On 12 July Mr. Cotes will again be directing Miss Bartok in the television play-of-the-week *Anglia's Winter in Ischia*, adapted from Robin Maugham's novel

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The Queen's sunshine Derby

The Queen, in a pale lemon coat and matching dress with an off-white cloche hat, arrives with the Duke of Edinburgh to be greeted by the Duke of Norfolk at Epsom. The sun shone for this year's Derby but not on the English horses. The Queen and Prince Philip, with other members of the

Royal Family, watched from the Royal Box as Sea Bird II, owned by French industrialist M. Jean Ternynck and the favourite at 7-4, scored a runaway victory. This year's Derby winner marked the fourth successive victory for an overseas challenger. Muriel Bowen writes overleaf.



PATTERNS AT BADEN-BADEN. The Casino (above) is ornate in white and gold with heavy gilded chandeliers over the green cloth of the gaming tables. Right: the members' enclosure at the Baden-Baden race week. The meeting at the end of August is a high spot of the German social calendar. Above right: an orchestra plays a concert of Wagner in the gardens of the Kurhaus at Baden-Baden



PETER MICHELS



FEE SCHLAPPER

Welcome on Derby Day

by Muriel Bowen

The cheers that rang around the course from Tattenham Corner when the Queen led the royal procession at Epsom represented more than the usual cheery Derby Day welcome. The demonstration was a colossal "Thank You" and a welcome home after her triumphant tour of West Germany.

The Queen and Prince Philip lunched in the Royal Box with other members of the Royal Family. The luncheon had been sent down from Buckingham Palace earlier in the day in basket hampers—a custom that dates from Edward VII's time. That evening the Queen and Prince Philip went to the Savoy to join a private dinner party of 12 given by LORD & LADY PORCHESTER. They used the Savoy Hill entrance—the one Sir Winston Churchill used when he arrived for dinners of the Other Club—and had a simple meal, roast lamb for the Queen, fillet of beef for Prince Philip.

Alas, it wasn't an English Derby; the fact that France's winner, Sea Bird II owned by textile magnate, M. JEAN TERNYCK is now reckoned by the experts to be worth £600,000, will bring cool comfort to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. CALLAGHAN.

LUCKY AND UNLUCKY

I must have heard Mr. Callaghan's name mentioned a dozen times at Epsom. There was, for instance, some joy that his clamp-down on business entertaining came after payment for boxes

fell due. Companies with boxes this year included Vickers whose chairman is MAJOR GEN. SIR CHARLES DUNPHIE, Wimpey which is headed by SIR GODFREY MITCHELL, and Plessey whose chairman is the former Lord Chancellor, THE EARL OF KILMUIR.

Inevitably with the Derby it was a day of memories, of gaiety, solemnity, and sadness. There was sadness for the two most popular Americans in English sporting circles, Mr. PAUL MELLON and Mr. JOCK WHITNEY, both of whom had fancied runners. Mme. SUZY VOLTERRA came from Paris as did Mr. CHARLES ENGELHARD, who flew in his own plane, and BARON GUY DE ROTHSCHILD. There was a cheer for SIR ALEC & LADY DOUGLAS-HOME, and a pat on the back for Mr. PADDY PRENDERGAST who very nearly won the race with his third string after the other two had to be scratched.

After the sombre weather of days before there was a great splash of colour on the stands. Many women came in the slim, trim coolness of linen. A noticeably large number of chic women wore navy blue, including both PRINCESS MARINA DUCHESS OF KENT and her daughter PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

LOGISTICS ON DERBY DAY

Racegoers on Derby Day included the DUKE & DUCHESS OF NORFOLK; SIR WILLIAM & LADY ANSTRUTHER-GRAY; MAJOR & MRS. VICTOR MCCALMONT; LADY MARGARET HAY; Mr. & Mrs. VINCENT O'BRIEN; the HON. RICHARD STANLEY, M.P. & Mrs. STANLEY; CAPT. & Mrs. CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORD; Miss ENID CHANELLE; Mr. & Mrs. CHARLES HUGHESDON; SIR HAROLD & LADY ZIA WERNHER; SIR WILLIAM PIGOTT-

BROWN, BT.; Mr. & Mrs. JIM MULLION; Mr. & Mrs. W. H. D. RILEY-SMITH; and H.D. MARSHAL LORD HARDING OF PETHERTON. Increasingly grey toppers are worn at the Derby. Some men, though, stick to black, one is THE EARL OF HALIFAX.

A big change this year was having a hot menu for luncheon, though a great many people stuck to the cold fare. Some 7,000 punnets of strawberries, half a ton of cold salmon, a ton of cold beef and 240 dozen bottles of champagne were consumed on Derby Day alone.

DAY OUT FOR THE W.I.

There were 8,717 women at the garden party the Queen gave at Buckingham Palace to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the Women's Institutes. It was the smartest royal garden party that anyone could remember with all those big, bright new hats.

It was also the biggest crush of women ever seen on the Palace lawns. Old, young, middle-aged, they all had one thing in mind—to meet Prince Philip. "Jam makers eh?" he enquired of one lady. "Well, you're in a proper jam today!" As they pushed forward he said good-humouredly: "It's no use. You can't get from anywhere to anywhere." At one stage he pointed across the gardens and said: "Some lovely flowers over there." The hint was politely ignored.

The Queen, a member of the Sandringham Women's Institute, had many of the delegates introduced to her by Mrs. GABRIELLE PIKE, the Institute's chairman. She was also presented with an inscribed goblet to mark the golden jubilee.



PAT PAT PAT AT THE PALACE were made by a surging sea of summer hats closely surrounding Prince Philip and Rear-Admiral Christopher Bonham Carter. Their wearers were the representatives of the 8,688 Women's Institutes in Great Britain who were entertained by the Queen at a special Buckingham Palace garden party to mark the Golden Jubilee of the W.I.

TIME OUT IN GERMANY

During a break in the royal tour of Germany I visited Baden-Baden which is Germany's most fashionable holiday resort. It's a dream of a place nestling on the edge of the Black Forest, a town of old-world charm plus a "with it" air in the variety of its entertainments. Baden-Baden is that rare thing, a gem of good town planning. The hotels are along one side of a tiny tumbling river, so narrow that from my hotel window it gave the impression of being a moat. Delightful little wrought iron footbridges reminiscent of the Cam cross it at various points to gardens that stretch for more than a mile. Last week these were a blaze of azaleas, apple blossom, and flowering cherries.

Social climax of the year at Baden-Baden is race week at the end of August. Horses come from all over the Continent, also from this country and Ireland, and in the evening there is a blossoming of parties with the gala ball at the handsome Kurhaus on the final day. The late Margrave of Baden, Prince Philip's brother-in-law, used to give a party each year for the foreign visitors at his Schloss during race week. Last year there was no party as the family was in mourning, but this year it is hoped that the young Margrave, a 33-year-old bachelor, will continue the custom followed by his father.

WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN

Though the Spa has been known for almost 2,000 years it was visiting royalty over more recent years that made Baden-Baden a social success. In the hotels, which have a very English atmosphere with their croquet lawns and good afternoon tea, they like to tell you that Edward

VII played in Germany's first international tennis tournament at Baden-Baden. Royalty continue to visit there.

It was amusing to go to the Casino and watch people play with solid gold chips, a week-end custom in one of the salons. I asked one of the staff if gamblers enjoyed playing with gold chips. "Occasional visitors do," he said. "But regular gamblers find the plastic coated chips more attractive to handle."

THE ALDWYCH MAKES A HIT

There is no more cosmopolitan theatre in London these days than the Aldwych, and it must give nothing but pleasure to its managing director Mr. D. A. ABRAHAMS to see the continuous stream of notable visitors from abroad who make it their first night out in London.

"My wife has talked about tonight every night for the last two months," JUDGE JOHN WALLIS of Texas told me when we met at the opening night of the Royal Shakespeare Company's *Henry V*. Miss SYBIL BLACK, well known rider to hounds in Canada, had also made it her first evening out in London. For me an interval at the Aldwych means re-living some of my world travels. I talked to Mr. JOHN SUMMERSON, the Hong Kong banker and his wife. "When we see the Aldwych summer programme we plan our annual visit to England," Mrs. SUMMERSON told me. She gives the most lovely Sunday morning parties on the terrace of their house which looks down on Hong Kong. "Breck-lunch" she calls them. You get breakfast or lunch depending on which time you arrive.

SO DOES THE PIED PIPER

Charity balls are too often dull and for this reason it gives me particular pleasure to write about the Pied Piper Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel. It was terrific. There was no rubbish on the tombola stall. The cabaret was marvellously alive without being deafening. And the night club setting—a vineyard by moonlight—had all the romance and charm of the real thing. Since it consisted of nothing more sensational than discarded tennis nets, torn strips of sacking dyed green, and bundles of foliage, the main ingredient in putting it together was talent. The Pied Piper's success can be put down to the team who run it, the HON. MRS. VERA HARMSWORTH, chairman, the DUCHESS OF BEDFORD and Miss SARAH GOALEN. They're amateurs with an unmistakably professional touch. The Pied Piper Ball, which always takes place in May, is one to put in your diary for next year.

DANCE IN THE COUNTRY

Deb dances are busting out all over. LADY LATHBURY's ball for her daughter ANNABEL at Locks House, Berkshire was a jolly affair with miniature horses suspended from the top of the marquee, and a covered wagon in the garden with a palmist inside.

Though there were some of the older generation it was essentially a young ball and one with lots of verve. Guests included: Miss SALLY THORN; Mr. HUGH SANDILANDS; Miss VERA COMPTON; Miss FIONA FORSHAW-WILSON; Mr. PETER HAMBRO; Mr. MICHAEL DENISON-PENDER; and Miss CAROLINE HOWARD. (See pictures on page 579.)

King's Troop triumph on new ground

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester attended the opening day of the Aldershot Show on its new ground, Queen's Parade, Aldershot. The Services Open

Jumping event was won by Sgt. R. S. Jones of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, and the Troop also won the Services Team Jumping event

General Sir John Anderson, president of the Aldershot Show, presenting the trophy to the winner of the Services Open Jumping competition. This event was won by the Olympic rider Sgt. R. S. Jones of the King's Troop, R.H.A., riding Humbug

Competing in the open jumping, Lt. D. G. Davies of the Royal Marines, on Jamaican Spirit

The Duchess of Gloucester presenting rosettes to the winning Palominos at the show. The pony is Captain Biggs' Wychwood Miradore



The Duke of Gloucester and Captain G. H. S. Webber, secretary general of the British Show Jumping Association

Cpl. of Horse D. Thompson on Gracilda

A dance for Derby Day

General Sir Gerald & Lady Lathbury gave a dance for their daughter Annabel at their home, Locks House, Wokingham, Berkshire, when the decor was centred around Charles Bone's designs for Derby Day 100 years ago. There were floor to

ceiling murals, papier maché horses in the form of mobiles, and bookies' betting boards. Derby Day food was laid out on genuine coster barrows. Also contributing to a fairground atmosphere were a barbecue, two old coaches and a fortune teller

Major Peter Hudson, Lady Lathbury, Miss Annabel Lathbury for whom the dance was given, General Sir Gerald Lathbury and Miss Virginia Lathbury

Mr. Christopher Thynne and the Hon. Mary Gaye Curzon



Mr. Christopher Collins and the Hon. Sally Rootes

Miss Wendy Don and Mr. Melville Jameson

Victory for the home side

When the Hurlingham Club entertained the Eton Ramblers XI in a cricket match played at Hurlingham, the home side won by five wickets

Mr. Miles Mallinson batting for Hurlingham. The wicketkeeper is Mr. Christopher Horne



Col. R. F. J. Hayward, V.C., who organizes the games at the Hurlingham Club, with Mr. Timothy Whitehead, captain of the Hurlingham team, and Mr. Miles Mallinson



Col. G. H. M. "Buns" Cartwright, 76-year-old Eton Ramblers player, and Mr. Mark Nickerson who acted as runner for the Colonel



Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Scott with their son Henry. Mr. Scott played for Hurlingham



Mr. & Mrs. Timothy Farmer. He played for Eton Ramblers



Mrs. Robert Ponsonby, Captain R. H. Rump, R.N., secretary of the Hurlingham Club, and Commander Robert Ponsonby, R.N.



Mr. Eric Warburg, opening bat for Hurlingham

Letter from Scotland

By Jessie Palmer

Sharpe-Grant: Rowena, daughter of Mr. J. R. Sharpe, of The Old Forge, Stapleford Tawney, Essex, and of Mrs. Edomé Broughton-Adderley, of Cheyne Place, London, S.W.3, was married to David Edmond, younger son of Lord & Lady Grant, of Moray Place, Edinburgh, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Powell-Selby: Mary Theresa, daughter of Captain & Mrs. Thomas Powell, of Pelham Crescent, S.W.7, was married to Viscount Selby, son of Viscountess Selby, of Shuna Castle, Argyll, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street

The Macneil of Barra, Chieftain of the Clan Macneil, and his wife are in residence for the summer at Kisimul Castle, the clan seat, in Castle Bay, Barra.

The Macneil has been the head of the clan for 50 years, and to celebrate this a large gathering of Macneils—and McNeills and MacNeils—*frae a' the airts* was held recently in Edinburgh under the chairmanship of the leader of the Campbell Clan, the Duke of Argyll. When I spoke to The Macneil just before the gathering he was hopeful that some members of his immediate family would be present. His son teaches law at Cornell University and he has two married daughters, one in Canada, the other in America.

During the rest of the year when they are not visiting Macneils in various parts of the world, The Macneil and Mrs. Macneil live in Vermont, New England, where The Macneil was an architect till his retirement. His profession has stood him in good stead with the restoration of ancient Kisimul Castle. "I have restored it painstakingly and have endeavoured not to cover up anything of archaeological interest," he told me. The living quarters have, of course, been modernized. "They're very tiny," he said. "It's like living in a caravan, but we have all the amenities and we're very cosy and comfortable."

The Macneil hasn't any major reconstruction ploys on hand at the moment. "I just putter away with things," he told me happily. But over the years the "puttering" has meant a tremendous amount of work so that the castle is now one of Scotland's most interesting historic homes. In between "puttering" The Macneil keeps in constant touch, both by visiting and by correspondence, with members of the clan everywhere. And obviously they appreciate it and feel that their chief is really interested in them for, as he puts it, "The Macneils are very mobile—they keep coming over."

Scattered showers

This year's General Assembly of the Church of Scotland has been not without incident. Some very stormy statements have been hurled about but on the whole the atmosphere has been one of genial warmth rather than excessive heat, and the sunshine has prevailed over the storms.

It was probably appropriate, therefore, that the garden party—the Assembly's big social occasion—should have had its share of rain mixed in with the sunshine. But the sunshine predominated, the umbrellas were eventually furled, and everyone enjoyed themselves strolling on the lushly green lawns and among the flower beds in the grounds of the Palace of Holyroodhouse.

The Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly, Lord Birsay, and Lady Birsay, mingled with the 3,000 or so guests. Lord Birsay who, one feels, has contributed very positively to the deliberations of this Assembly, was wearing the kilt, as he has done on most occasions throughout the Assembly. Lady Birsay looked very attractive in a jade green coat and dress. Lady Miller also chose green for her outfit. She and her husband, Sir James Miller, Lord Mayor of London and former Lord Provost of Edinburgh, were among the guests at the Palace during the Assembly. Mrs. Watt, the wife of the Moderator, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Archibald Watt, chose a sunny yellow for her outfit and so, too, did the Countess of Lindsay, Lady-in-Waiting to Lady Birsay.

A small hotel

One of Linlithgow's best known landmarks, 17th-century Cross House, on the road leading up to Linlithgow Palace, was among recent historic buildings in Scotland to receive a Ministry of Public Building and Works grant towards repair work. Its owners, Mr. & Mrs. Norman Wight, tell me that the grant will be used on repairs to the exterior. They have already redecorated the interior since they bought the house fairly recently. Cross House, though basically 17th century, has a Georgian wing, and its chief claim to fame is probably its beautifully proportioned Adam room. Many people have enjoyed seeing the interior of the house for Mr. & Mrs. Wight are now running it as a small hotel and the Adam room is used for private parties.

Mrs. Wight assures me that, apart from its size, Cross House is no more difficult to run than an ordinary house but, she adds feelingly, "It's very much colder in the winter." However, they are planning to put in central heating as soon as possible.

THE MEN WHO COOK



THE MEN WHO COOK: or, You can peel the potatoes while I create this wonderful sauce, he said, pouring in far too much brandy and setting fire to it.

Men like cooking for various reasons: there is a feeling of scientific experiment about it, measuring and mixing, testing the effect of ingredients on each other; there is too, an artistic angle in which colour and texture play the main parts. Greed comes into it: after all, if you are going to make your own prawn cocktails you can have three times as many prawns as you would get in a restaurant. Taste comes into it: only the man who does it himself can ensure his steak done precisely as he likes it. Most men start cooking in their student days, or when starting work, when economy is the major factor in life. When economy is no longer a problem, men tend to concentrate on spectacular main courses involving expensive joints and accessories. Few find cakes and pastry fascinating. Men are generally messy in the kitchen, autocratic with the stove, lavish with liquor, fascinated by gadgets, uninterested in washing up, and marvellous hosts. The five here are all eminent in their own fields, married and were photographed by Desmond O'Neill while J. Roger Baker chatted to them through luscious aromas arising from a variety of pans and baking tins.

TOM SAWYER: a director of Quaglino's, has mastered the art of feeding hungry yachtsmen during ocean races. Catering was part of his initial training in hotel management but now he only cooks afloat: "My wife says I'm an awful cook and won't let me do it at home." He says: "Sailing is watching, sleeping, drinking and eating. People at sea eat more, they get very hungry and one soon finds out what they like. Menus aren't romantic as most of the food comes out of tins and we use powdered milk, tea and crispbread. Coffee and ordinary bread aren't popular, a fresh clean taste is what is wanted. I generally allow four apples a day for each man and leave boiled sweets lying around. Salads are liked too. It's all good fun, everyone's rather rude about the food but they enjoy it. Difficulties on board are mainly lack of



space, no refrigeration, little fresh water, no electricity and the fact that everything slides about. We start off with fresh food then move on to canned stuff. I once took some fishcakes from Cowes to Fastnet; they were just on the turn but went down all right."

Mr. Sawyer's recipe: *Courgettes niçoise*: clean and slice a marrow. Put it into a pan with chopped up tomatoes, onions, apples and garlic. Add seasoning, oil, and stew it. The marrow exudes water, the smell is fabulous. Use the juice as a soup, serve the vegetable mess with bully beef.

Some yachting tricks include adding wine and meat extract to cheer up canned bully beef, adding sherry to soups and vodka to the breakfast orange juice. Mr. Sawyer has also created a Fastnet dinner out of cans which runs from turtle soup to Welsh rarebit, taking in chicken and vegetables and cherries with hot custard.

JACK DE MANIO: the Variety Club of Great Britain's Radio Personality of the Year, journalist and, as compere of the B.B.C. programme Today, a noted early-riser. He lives in an elegant penthouse flat on Cheyne Walk, Chelsea with a view of the bending river. "I don't have breakfast, but my wife brings me a cup of tea. I tend to eat out quite a lot, but I do most of my cooking at home when people are coming to be fed—I can't be bothered to do it for myself. My wife doesn't mind when I cook, though she is a very good one herself." His tiny kitchen is stripped for instant action, everything to hand—his latest acquisition is a large liquidiser and blender. Some years ago he contributed a cookery column to a weekly magazine ("the editor had dined here") but found it difficult to get down to: "I discovered



I didn't know as much as I thought I did. As I get older I find I prefer simple things and I don't do puddings or sweets—probably because I don't like them very much." He has a small but telling collection of cookery books, uses his long balcony to grow herbs, is fairly trenchant about London restaurants, having a few firm favourites.

Mr. de Manio's recipe: *Cassoulet*. Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. haricot beans for 24 hours, put them in a large saucepan with 2 quarts of water, salt a large sliced carrot, an onion stuck with cloves, a faggot, 7 crushed garlic cloves, 2-3 lb. bacon rind (blanched and tied for easy removal). Boil, skim, cover and cook gently for 1 hour. Remove bacon rind, add 2-3 lb. belly of pork chopped into fairly small cubes and 2-3 lb. garlic sausage cut into rounds or small pieces. Cook gently for about 15 minutes. Cut 1 lb. of lean lamb into small pieces and fry gently with 2 chopped onions and a crushed clove of garlic. When onions are just turning gold strain off as much fat as possible, mix in 2 tablespoons of tomato purée and some of the cooking liquor from the beans. Now remove the onion with its cloves from the beans and put the contents of the saucepan and the frying pan into an earthenware dish with a lid. Cook gently for at least $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Serve hot with grated cheese.

JEREMY SIMMONS: director of Reeves, the artists' colourmen, lives with his delightful wife Jan, their three children, two black spaniels and a cat in a 400-year-old handsomely timbered house tucked away in the heavy countryside of Hertfordshire.

Started cooking when he lived in a bed-sitter in Chelsea, and at this stage the natural invention of the male was brought into use as he devised an oven made from a biscuit tin which he used alongside his gas-ring. "It was rather splendid to be able to produce rather impressive things with such basic equipment." Mr. Simmons is a spectacular cook, fascinated by the textures and colours of food, but like the majority of men who cook won't touch puddings, cakes and pastry. He also admits to being fascinated by kitchen gadgets, irritated



when his young children try to help with a complicated chopping operation, and naturally untidy when he works.

Mr. Simmons' recipe: *Filet de bœuf à la Sarladaise*: strip a 2 to 2½ lb. filet of beef, split it and stuff with a mixture of minced chicken liver, pâté and truffles. Skewer and tie, bake in a moderate oven (about 300F.) for 50 minutes. Serve with *Sauce Périgueux*: lightly fry finely chopped onions in goose fat, add a glass of white wine, ½ glass of brandy and *flambée*. Now add ½ cup of stock, a level tablespoon of flour and simmer for one hour stirring frequently. Sieve, add ¼ lb. chopped button mushrooms, reheat and serve.

This was accompanied by potatoes and salsify with a simple endive and chicory salad, preceded by scampi turned in garlic butter with sherry and cream added, and followed by peaches in brandy.

JAN SMETERLIN: Polish-born pianist, noted exponent of the music of Chopin, gave one of his rare Chopin recitals at the Festival Hall earlier this year. Lives in a large, memory-packed house in Kensington, talks affectionately but not nostalgically of the past. On the piano stands a photograph of Chopin.

He started to take an interest in cooking because, he says, "I was needy and greedy." Since those days he has collected recipes from all over the world on his many tours and concert engagements and has the highest regard for Chinese cuisine: "Though I was amused to discover in Hong Kong that the best chefs were French." His interest in food has led to a large collection of recipes wooed from people as diverse as a fish-seller in St. Tropez (who it emerged had been taught by



Escoffier) and a Dutch woman he met in Java who gave him a recipe for a singularly splendid Viennese cake. Mr. Smeterlin once served this to the Queen Mother who immediately demanded the recipe.

Though he has an Italian staff that he has taught to cook—including the famous cake with its variants—Mr. Smeterlin frequently cooks himself. The kitchen is large, dominated by a well-scrubbed wooden table, has a tiled floor and a general feeling of the English country house.

Mr. Smeterlin's recipe: *Mediterranean Fish*. Take one whole fish (including head and tail) that has been cleaned and slit. Inside place some fennel, butter and salt. Put it in a large greased oven pan. Cover the fish with lots of herbs: parsley, fennel, carrot, onion, thyme, bayleaf, tomato essence and grind plenty of black pepper over it. Now add quite a lot of dry white wine and bake in a hot oven for 40 minutes.

Chef's comments: "I decided to do this because I happened to see some fresh fennel in Harrods today. The pan must be iron, and if the liquid reduces too much in cooking, add more wine. Serve it alone with all the lovely goo it produces. I would precede it with a risotto and follow with a simple dessert."

GERALD CAMPION: actor whose versatility was slightly hampered a few years ago when he played Billy Bunter for a television series. He is shedding the image now, but one feels a sense of rightness when he says: "I started cooking for myself because I was greedy." Later he discovered that he preferred his own cooking to that which he was given in restaurants.

Nearly 20 years ago he decided to open a club for actors. "Everyone was penniless in those days and the idea was to provide cheap food for poor actors." It was a great success and later he opened another club in Shaftesbury Avenue where he specializes in plain English cooking: boiled gammon, pease pudding, tripe & onions, steak & kidney pudding. Though he employs a chef he occasionally has to do



it all himself and claims he can turn out 80 lunches single-handed.

Much of his culinary success derives from clever marketing and he is an expert, knowing the markets and specialist stores of Soho. He has been cooking since he was 14, but will not handle pastry or cakes: "I get bored with all the beating up," he remarks.

Mr. Campion's recipe: *Roast sweet and sour spare ribs of pork:* Cut into pieces 3-4 lb. of pork spare ribs and stack neatly in a large baking tin side by side. Cover with the following mixture: 6 table-spoons each of cooking sherry, soy sauce, vinegar, honey; 1 heaped tablespoon black sugar, 4 large cloves of garlic minced, plenty of freshly ground black pepper, 5 or 6 pieces of preserved ginger finely chopped (or $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground ginger), 1 pint of chicken stock (or cube and water). Leave all day, longer if possible. An hour before they are needed, put the baking tin full of ribs and the marinade in the oven at Regulo 7 (450° F.) and cook for about 45 minutes. Remove, pour off the liquid and return ribs to oven to crisp up. Skim off the fat from the sauce which is now thickened with cornflour.

Chef's comments: for chi-chi, fit each rib with a cutlet frill. In any case serve on a huge hot dish. Don't forget finger bowls and Carolina rice. This dish is also perfectly good if it is cooked the day before and re-heated.

FESTIVAL ON SEA



To mark the opening this week of the 18th annual Festival, Peter Carvell sends a personal report from the salt and sun-washed town of Aldeburgh on the Suffolk coast. Richard Swayne took the pictures

The secret of the Aldeburgh Festival is that it never changes. It's a serious, expensive, dedicated festival with twelve June days of music and opera, exhibitions and lectures. The Jubilee Hall has recently had a face-lift and new acoustics and the British Legion hall got a new fanlight last year, but the parish church looks the same and the old Workman's Hall at Thorpeness retains the same authentic musty smell.

Aldeburgh is a small place, just an old fishing village stretched along a steep grey-stone beach. There are narrow Victorian red-brick houses occupied by retired couples and yachting weekenders. The sea is grey and gentle and near the horizon coal boats from Newcastle chug past leaving their oil to wash over the stones at high tide. Perhaps it's because Aldeburgh still has this old village feeling that the festival founded by Benjamin Britten 18 years ago has become one of the most famous, most successful, most private and, in a way, most English of all the festivals that now fill the summer.

It is Britten who gives the Festival its character, conducting, accompanying, playing, encouraging, watching. It's his kind of sound and his kind of dedication that has made the festival. As George Malcolm, the harpsichordist, said: "I do far more practising here than anywhere else. It seems to matter so much more here." For the two-and-a-half-thousand guests who come to the village during the Festival Britten is a passing figure, bronzed and curly-haired, driving in his white Alvis convertible from his Red House and disappearing into another rehearsal. He is 51 now but still very shy, still a superb tennis player and a gentle host. He and Peter Pears, a tall, handsome tenor who has also made Aldeburgh his home, both give their services free.

Third in the triumvirate of Festival directors is Imogen Holst, daughter of the composer Gustav Holst and organizer last year of the six late-night programmes of music by Bach's predecessors. She looks Victorian with her black hair pulled down both sides of her face and held in a bun at the back. When she conducts the choir she throws back her head, hums the note, gives a huge smile and mouths every word. Her slim body curls and sways from side to side; her arms collecting the music in sweeps as bold as a Mathieu painting.

Aldeburgh is a world of sounds; Julian Bream playing his lute on a stile at the end of the caravan site; a choir improvising along the beach at lunchtime; a violin from the bow windows along the front at breakfast; a family singing snatches of a quartet to each other in the Wentworth Hotel; trumpets blazing from the tower of the parish church. The festival has a very catholic taste. "People," according to Stephen Reiss, the secretary, "are chosen for making the kind of sound we like and the kind of performance they give." This is the only principle. Aldeburgh has no time for West End fashions and no time for temperaments.

But in spite of this dedication Aldeburgh is a place to relax. Stones or no stones, there is a beach and the air is salty and on some mornings the sun does shine. For many of the musicians this is their only chance to grab a few hours on the beach all summer and for them the village seems too good to be true. Quiet and peaceful and no amusements. "There's no chromium about this place—no steak houses, coffee bars, boutiques or juke boxes," as Julian Bream said. So life revolves

around the festival and the sea. Some like Sidney Nolan take long morning walks along the shore; others like Richter, perhaps the world's greatest pianist, plunge into the cold North Sea just before dinner, leaving his freezing, reluctant interpreter to follow as gracefully as possible.

For Nolan the village is the place he remembered most when he returned to Australia. "The kind of sounds Britten makes are the kind I want to hear. There's a sense here of continual creation, a kind of interplay of place and art. For me it's the one place where I can relax because there's nothing here I want to paint." Nolan has been going there for 15 years and last year he showed for the first time his series of paintings inspired by Shakespeare's sonnets.

Many of the artists go back year after year. Julian Bream is one of those who has played there for more than ten years. He takes a caravan for the fortnight so that he can practise undisturbed and undisturbing. Says Bream: "It's a tremendously personal festival with marvellous first performances happening in front of a few hundred people. What I like is the way they've spread out into other villages like Orford and Blythburgh, but they haven't expanded it into a big show. It's still a tiny festival with houses bursting at their seams and people dropping in on you."

But it isn't a social festival full of late parties in the hotels and champagne drunk from trumpets on moonlit balconies. Most players come for a few days, work hard and go away again. The audience leave the late-night show in the church and retire to bed with a hot drink—if they're lucky. For a few the Festival Club keeps its bar open late, and for others midnight is the only time they can find somewhere to rehearse or record. Sitting on the grass leaning against the tombstones under the floodlit church you can hear Ralph Downes play the organ, the trumpets of Philip Jones or perhaps the voices of the Purcell Consort as the B.B.C. engineers ask for another take.

Most of the three-hundred-odd who can crowd into any performance are not young. Aldeburgh is expensive. Though the late-night concerts are free, seats for the afternoon and evening cost between £1 and £2, and seats for the morning lectures 5s. So the festival is full of older people who can afford a budget of £6 a day and who are serious enough in their love of music to sit on hard pews and school chairs. This year the English Opera Group gave the first performance of Malcolm Williamson's *English Eccentrics*, and, as one of the distinguished foreign guests observed: "There are far more eccentrics in the audience than could ever be on the stage. All these genteel English women with earnest faces, high voices and straight hair—why do we never have them in my country?" I couldn't tell him but on the way out I walked behind two of them.

"Didn't Peter (Pears) sing beautifully tonight?"

"Oh yes, but I've never seen him wear glasses before. It's so sad."

"But why? He still looked devastatingly handsome."

"But my dear if he has to wear glasses, how old does that make us?"

In the old days sour critics accused Britten of making the festival a vehicle for his own works, but in fact his own music only takes up a small part of the programme. What he does try to do is give a first performance of a new work each year. Last year it was *Curlew River*,

FESTIVAL ON SEA

a parable for church performance with libretto by William Plomer, based on a medieval Japanese No-drama. It was one of the great moments of the festival and is likely to be so again this year. But for me the joy of Aldeburgh is being able to sit in at some of the rehearsals. I remember Richter beating the piano as if he hated it; Rostropovitch smiling at Britten and waving his 'cello in approval; Eric Roseberry coaxing the children to sing the words more clearly; the anxious faces of the B.B.C. technicians as they tried to get the balance right; Julian Bream and George Malcolm working out their duet on lute and harpsichord. Bream looking like an older, wiser Schumann swaying and scowling, smiling and muttering: "It's no good, it's full of scrunches." Malcolm massively still with his eyes focussed on the sheet and saying: "It's terrible, I've slipped into A again," and Bream replying: "Well why not, it's rather nice. Anyway there are so many mistakes in this piece who's to know which are ours and which are the composer's."

So the Aldeburgh Festival goes on each year in the same way in the same places. The greatest temptation was to let it grow, but the proposed theatre was never built and nine out of ten applications for tickets are still turned away. The festival is subsidized by the Arts Council, by the Friends of Aldeburgh who give money or free help, and by the ticket charges. With all this it makes enough profit to make a few improvements but no more. It could be ten times bigger but it wouldn't be the same.

Right: George Malcolm (foreground) and Julian Bream work out their duet on harpsichord and lute. Says Malcolm, a constant figure at the Festival: "I do far more rehearsing here . . . at Aldeburgh it seems to matter so much more." **Below:** Benjamin Britten has made his home at Aldeburgh and he is the man who gives the Festival its special sound and flavour. This year his *Curlew River* is being presented again as a Festival attraction by the English Opera Group in Orford church





Imogen Holst, daughter of the composer Gustav Holst, is with Britten and Peter Pears a director of the Aldeburgh Festival. She is also one of its most devoted workers. This year she has organized five half-hour programmes of English church music of the 15th and 20th centuries, presented and commissioned by the B.B.C. Transcription Service. Miss Holst is herself conducting three of the series with the Purcell Consort of Voices, the Purcell Singers, Simon Preston (organ) and the Festival Instrumental Ensemble. *Right:* Aldeburgh at Festival time is a town of sounds soft and mellow, august and thrilling. Instrumentalists seize what time they can for practice and rehearsal. The churchyard is a favourite spot, so are empty parish halls and quiet stiles in the meadows

FESTIVAL ON SEA





Above: Julian Bream takes a caravan at Aldeburgh for the fortnight. There he can practise in peace though he admits that there is little to disturb anyone in the town: "There are no steak houses, coffee bars or juke boxes . . . what I like best is the way the Festival has spread out into other villages like Orford and Blythburgh without expanding into a big show." **Top:** Mstislav Rostropovitch with the Countess of Harewood. The 'cellist is playing in a sonata recital in the Parish Church this year with Britten as the pianist. Other world-ranking performers at this year's Festival include singer Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and pianist Sviatoslav Richter

Fashion by Unity Barnes

CHAMPAGNE STORY

Wine from the Champagne district of France has been enjoyed in England since Charles II brought back gaiety to the country. The sparkle was not put into it until many years later, but since then its whole career has been one long, festive story of popularity and success. A flying visit to Rheims sets some fresh summer fashions against the traditional background of the Champagne country. The photographs were taken by John Hedgecoe.



The 18th-century Château de la Marquetterie near Epernay is the focal point of the Taittinger vineyards. General Joffre made it his headquarters during the Battle of the Marne, when the château so charmed his young A.D.C., Pierre Taittinger, that he returned when the war ended to buy it and so to take possession of a Champagne House founded in 1734.

The modern Aubusson tapestry (left) was woven to a design taken from an old cartoon depicting the *vendange*, or harvest of the grapes.

Left: Champagne coloured suit, handknitted narrow ribbon, with a crochet edge. By Lewis Henry, 45 gns. at Ivor Hartnell, Baker Street and Bond Street; F. L. Spring, Blackpool; Rothstone, Wilmslow. Gilt and pearl bracelet and gilt earrings, by Corocraft
Right: Coffee and white Ascher silk dress, coolly crease-resistant, might have been made expressly for summer sightseeing. By Harry B. Popper, 46 gns. at Cresta Silks, Grafton Street; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. Beige straw-cloth shoes and bag from Bally of Paris





des Blancs, are grown the white Chardonnay grapes which make Taittinger's Blanc de Blancs champagne. Seen in early summer the vineyards are as yet only an endless geometric pattern of stakes, wires and budding vines.

Left: Dungaree suit in scarlet wool, casually tie-belted, worn over a roll-necked shirt in pink Irish linen, both by Donald Davies. Dungaree suit, 14 gns., shirt, 5½ gns., both at Mary Davies, 12 Queen Street, London, W.1

Right: Black and white printed cotton shirt dress with leather thong belt. By Oriane of Capri, 21 gns. at Sixty One Park Lane. Tangerine chiffon kerchief by Lida Ascher Boutique, £1 14s. at Harrods

CHAMPAGNE STORY



CHAMPAGNE STORY



Left: Over six million bottles of champagne lie in the dramatic depths of the vast Taittinger caves, the great cellars in Rheims from which slaves first carved out chalk for the occupying Romans in the 4th century. The chalk walls keep the cellars at the right humidity and temperature (a steady 48 deg. F.) to mature the wine to perfection. The bottles are first stacked flat; later they are slanted, cork downwards, in special racks for at least five years.

Right: The lively group of blue-smocked cellar workers are gathered outside *les caves*.

Left: White silk foulard dress, striped with navy blue to simulate pleats; navy bow-fastened belt. From the Christian Dior Boutique

Right: Chalk white linen-weave dress that curves across and buttons off-centre. By Frank Usher, 11 gns. at Ivor Hartnell, Baker Street and Bond Street; Nola, Chester

Gilt mesh bracelet by Corocraft. The lightly curled Brunette wig, in this and other pictures, is by Gerard Austen





de Champagne, in Rheims, built by Thibaut IV, King of Navarre, was bought and restored by the Taittingers and is now used for receptions. The imposing figure seen here is M. Roger Mazerot, their sales manager, in ceremonial uniform as a dignitary of L'Ordre des Coteaux—an ancient society of wine-tasters now with an international membership of 3,000.

Left: Ethereal chiffon dress softly printed in fresh, spring-leaf shades of green, with cowled neck. £42 10s. at Maxine Leighton Boutique, Hampstead

Right: Trouser suit in mallard-green slub rayon printed with cyclamen flowers, and top double-breasted. By Femme 90, £18 2s. at Woollands; Kempthornes, Richmond; Trend, Guildford

CHAMPAGNE STORY



SHOWERS TO DODGE INTO



Counterspy by Angela Ince

There are basically three ways of installing a shower in your bathroom; they vary considerably in price, and not surprisingly, in convenience, too.

1. If space is restricted, a shower fitting can be put in at the head of the bath. This is normally connected to the bathtaps, with a lever to alternate the flow of water to the taps or to the shower. The shower pipe can either be a fixed, rigid one (see **picture 1**: shower fitting and glass shield by John Bolding, Davies St., W.1), or of the hose type, when the shower fitting can be notched into two different positions on the wall, or used by hand—useful for hair washing. If this type of shower fitting is installed it is vital to protect the rest of the bathroom, either by hanging a shower curtain along the bath, or having a glass shield fixed (more expensive, but more satisfactory).

2. If you want a separate shower cubicle but don't want to go to the bother and expense of having one built in, you can buy a prefabricated cubicle, complete and ready to be plumbed in. The Leisure shower cubicle by Allied Ironfounders (**picture 2**) is made of pressed steel, with a clear plastic roof and is available in several colours, with a black and white anti-splash curtain. Complete, it costs £53 17s. 6d., and can be seen at Allied Ironfounder's London showrooms, 28 Brook Street, W.1. Richards Uni-fab Ltd. produce a prefabricated ceramic tiled shower cubicle (**picture 3**) available in a wide range of glazed tile finishes, with an unglazed mosaic floor. It costs approximately £75 complete. London showrooms, 303/306 High Holborn, W.C.1.

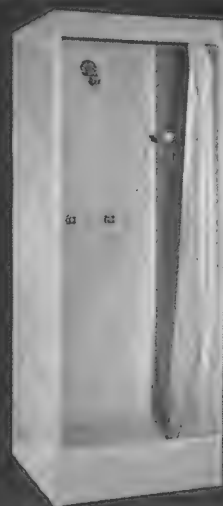
3. If you are building a new house, or having an old one remodelled, it is a relatively simple matter to have a shower cubicle built in when the cost will, of course, depend on the individual builder. H. & R. Johnson, Clifton House, Euston Road, N.W.1, have a particularly good range of glazed tiles for bathroom walls and cubicles, and matching recessed and semi-recessed soap-dishes. (**picture 12**). As for the shower fitting itself, the Leonard BR2 (**picture 11**) is thermostatically controlled, and has two dials, one for flow, one for temperature, which means that once you have turned the shower on and adjusted it to the heat and strength you want, it will remain constant. The same firm produces the Mira Shower mixing tap (**picture 13**) that works mechanically rather than thermostatically. Both available through builders' merchants.



2



3



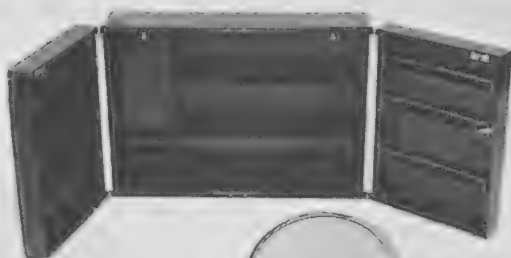
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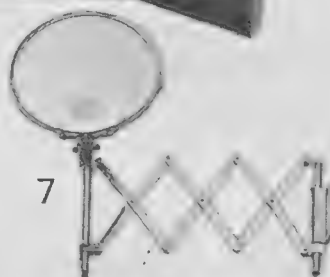
From left to right: Bath shower fitting with protective glass shield, from John Bolding, Davies St., W.1; Leisure shower cubicle, Allied Ironfounders Ltd.; Richards Uni-Fab Ltd., ceramic shower cubicle; pale blue towelling bath robe, 8 gns., Fortnum & Mason



6



7



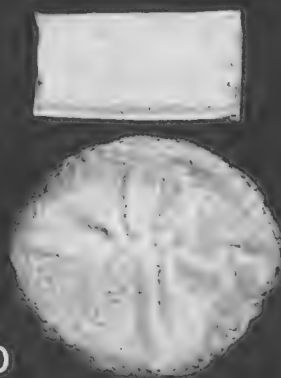
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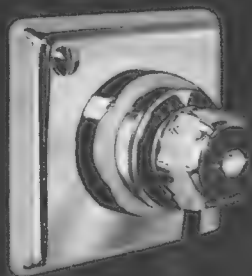
From left to right: Capacious wickerwork linen basket, 3 gns., Heal's; shiny black bathroom cabinet, 18 gns., Heal's; magnifying mirror with its own light, £6 12s. 6d., Fortnum & Mason; blue glass jar, £2 17s. 9d., Heal's



10



11



12



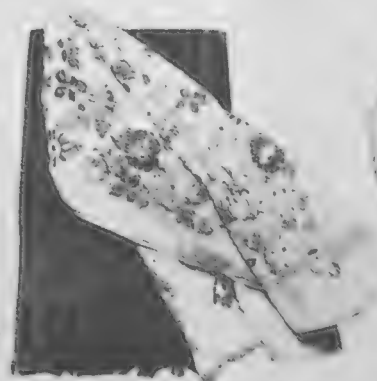
From left to right: Wastepaper bin covered in towelling, and available in several colours, 2 gns., Fortnum & Mason; shower-cap large enough to cover rollers, 3 gns., pale blue face-tissue cover, 25s., both from Fortnum & Mason; Leonard 2 thermostatic shower control; recessed soap dish by H. & R. Johnson, available to match any of their tiles (26 colours ex-stock, 170 colours or combinations to order in 3 to 4 weeks)



14



15



16



From left to right: Mira shower mixing tap installed as a bath fitting; long natural-wood back brush with a detachable handle, 10s. 6d.; and long-handled sponge, 2s. 6d., both from all branches of Boots; two American bath towels; flower-scattered in greens and blues, 2 gns., Fortnum & Mason, and pink and red stripes, £1 5s. 6d., from Heal's; giant pale blue talcum puff, 3 gns., and box of three Chanel soaps, 11s. 6d., from Fortnum & Mason

an organ for the abbey

Photographs by Gerti Deutsch

Organ builder Noel Mander celebrated the completion of his reconstruction of the 18th-century Snetzler organ destined as a memorial to Vincent Novello in Westminster Abbey by inviting a number of friends and people connected with the Memorial Fund to two concerts at St. Peter's Church adjoining his home and workshops in Bethnal Green. The programme for both concerts comprised 18th-century music for organ and oboe played by Susi Jeans and Leon Goossens. The organ, which will be played at a dedi-

cation service in the Abbey on 1 July, was rebuilt by Mr. Mander from two instruments made by the great Swiss craftsman John Snetzler, who settled in England in the early 1740s. The soundboard and most of the case came from an organ built for Mr. Kershaw of Halifax, the pipework from a Snetzler built in 1758. The organ parts were found by Mr. Mander on his various travels. Some of the pipes had been used for water but of the 300-odd in the reconstructed organ all but 12 are the original Snetzlers.



Mr. Noel Mander builds and restores many organs in the course of each year. In his house at Bethnal Green are five instruments of different periods and origins, all in perfect condition



Canon Stancliffe, Chaplain to the Houses of Parliament and Canon of Westminster Abbey, with Mr. Douglas Guest, organist of the Abbey, who with Mr. Simon Preston will play the Snetzler



The reconstructed Snetzler organ. Noel Mander built the instrument from parts of two others. The soundboard and most of the case came from a church near Birmingham where Mr. Mander found them

on plays

Pat Wallace / Lady in retirement

Miss Enid Bagnold's new play is called **The Chinese Prime Minister**, a title that has only the most tenuous connection with the play since the latter is concerned with the intellectual, spiritual and amorous experiences of a London-based English actress. Mrs. Forrest is both distinguished and popular, in fact something of a stage institution. She is also in what might be called late middle age and, though her reputation has lost none of its lustre, she has decided to retire into private life at the end of the run of her present success. Her project is to come to terms in the most simple and direct way possible with life itself and to learn to appreciate the least complicated, the most natural things it has to offer. An admirable, even a worthy plan but, as it proves, a trifle difficult to achieve.

Mrs. Forrest has none of the conventional dread of age. On the contrary, as she herself demands: "Why does no one write a play about the danger and fascination of being old?" Denied the play, she therefore sets out to tackle the problem herself and make her own discoveries in a manner which, with Miss Bagnold as playwright and Dame Edith Evans as interpreter of the role, has its own subtleties and complexities. First, of course, there is the farewell to the stage and, on the eve of her 70th birthday, Mrs. Forrest rehearses this in phrases that I found curiously unconvincing but which are at least in keeping with her high-flown purpose. Her preparations are interrupted by her son Oliver who lives at home and is a tranquil sort of chap, and by the visit of her other son, Tarver, with his rebellious young wife, Alice.

It is not easy to determine just what Alice is rebelling against since she has no desire to leave her husband and is pregnant. However she expresses herself by wearing more or less "beat" clothes, doing her hair in an unbecoming pony tail and trying a spot of shoplifting at Fortnum & Mason's. Everyone, I thought,

was extremely broad-minded about all of this, but Alice's intransigence is barely affected by their toleration, and she continues her inscrutable course of trying to prove Heaven knows exactly what.

Tarver clearly has his domestic problems but so has Oliver who decides at one point to take orders and, when asked by his mother: "From whom?" explains kindly: "Holy orders." His wish remains unrealized for the next on the scene is Mrs. Forrest's ex-husband, Sir Gregory, immensely rich but temporarily cast down at having been dismissed by his even richer oil sheikh employer, and thinking of returning to London life with the lady who was once his wife. Mrs. Forrest, one can see, has several obstacles to overcome before she can settle down to a life of contemplation, especially since she enters into everyone else's problems, including those of her moribund butler, with such intense interest.

In the end Sir Gregory decides to return to the oil kingdom where Oliver will accompany him, while Alice will presumably (and this is quite a presumption) remain with Tarver and have her baby with all the peace of mind they can muster between them. Mrs. Forrest will be free to work out her own philosophy, and the butler, who has enlivened proceedings by falling into deathlike trances, will remain to see her through yet more vicissitudes.

One trouble with the play is not that it is inconclusive, for after all this belongs to the natural order of things (as Mrs. Forrest would be the first to observe) but that the relationships between all these people are so unreal. Cloudy talk and unsalted aphorisms take the place of credible dialogue, and lengthy speeches of genuine exchanges. There is certainly a flash of wit from time to time and there is Dame Edith's brilliant performance which her many, many admirers will want to see, but it is not by and large a satisfying play, though a beautifully dressed and produced one.



The second concert was also a welcome to the Rev. Peter Priest, home from Cape Town. With him, left, is Mr. Simon Preston, sub-organist at Westminster Abbey, and Sir Gilbert and Lady Inglefield



Soloists at the concert were Susi Jeans, at the organ, and oboist Leon Goossens. In honour of Handel's birthday, which coincided with the second concert, Mr. Goossens also played the organs

on films

Elsbeth Grant / The last laugh

That an elderly gentleman stamped out of the press show of **The Knack** muttering "Immoral . . . disgraceful . . . there ought to be a law . . ." struck me as enormously funny. He was accurately echoing the chorus of middle-class, middle-aged harpies in the film itself—the drab old dears in solemn hats who, sometimes seen, sometimes merely overheard, voice their incomprehension of youth today in sour terms: "Disgusting . . . Mods and Rockers . . . no decency . . . I blame the teachers . . . I blame the National Health . . . there ought to be a law . . ."

Had Oscar Lewenstein, the producer, and Richard Lester, the director of this rare and engaging example of *nouvelle vague* in the British cinema, been present when the elderly gent was letting off steam, I think they might have hugged him—laughing like mad—for proving them so right in their assessment of the born fuddy-duddy's inability to bend gracefully to the wind of change. They can afford to laugh, anyway—their film won the top award at Cannes this year.

Charles Wood's screenplay, based on the play by Ann Jellicoe, invites whimsical direction in the French (or, more specifically, the Jean-Luc Goddard) manner, and Mr. Lester accepts the invitation with enthusiasm. Usually obstinately opposed to the view that style is more important than content, I have to admit it's Mr. Lester's inspired directorial inventiveness that makes the film the joy it is.

In what must be the ugliest

house in London, W.2, Colin (Michael Crawford), a sexually inexperienced young man, occupies the first floor. Above him lives Ray Brooks, a smooth smartie in tight pants and high-heeled boots, whose success as a seducer is phenomenal; he could, he claims nonchalantly, fill the Albert Hall with the girls he's had. What has he got that Mr. Crawford hasn't? The knack, Mr. Brooks tells him condescendingly. As a first step to acquiring this enviable attribute, Mr. Crawford decides to buy himself a bigger bed.

While he and Donal Donnelly, the crazy housepainter from the first floor, are haggling for an outsize brass bedstead in a junk-yard, Rita Tushingham, an innocent provincial girl, drifts up. She's looking for the Y.W.C.A. and as the two chaps say they know where it is she trustingly goes home with them.

Mr. Brooks gives her the routine seduction treatment on sight—Miss Tushingham reacts like a leveret hypnotized by a stoat—but he lets it be understood that he's merely demonstrating "the knack" for Mr. Crawford's benefit. What, one wonders, lies beneath all this arrogant self-assurance? One finds out when (this bit accounts for the "x" Certificate) Miss Tushingham moves in with Mr. Crawford as his mistress. Mr. Brooks's man of the world veneer cracks and a spiteful, jealous little *bourgeois* pops through: "Not married . . . living together like man and wife . . . disgusting . . . there ought to be a law . . ."



William Wyler's new Columbia film *The Collector*, hailed at Cannes and opening in London next month, stars Terence Stamp (above left) as a young man who kidnaps Samantha Eggar (above right and top). Kenneth More made his Hollywood debut in the film, but because of its length his role was cut out completely during editing. *The Collector* is based on the novel by John Fowles

on books

Oliver Warner/Transatlantic designs

Houses and their furnishing as seen in the United States can offer a wealth of pleasant surprises even to the most European in taste. A recent visit to Virginia heightened my attraction to **America's Small Houses**, by Henry Lionel Williams and Ottalie K. Williams (Thomas Yoseloff 8 guineas). This is an illustrated account of the homes of notable designers and collectors on the other side of the Atlantic, and I am glad to see how the Georgian style continues to engage the affection of so many Americans.

Current thriller-type fiction is often so complex as to require as much reader attention as *Hamlet*, and even then it isn't, sometimes, all that clear. To those who prefer their fun more straightforward, let me suggest **Murder, London-Australia** by John Creasey (Hodder & Stoughton 15s.) as a possibility. This is the latest of the adventures of Roger West of the Yard, described by admiring subordinates as the nearest thing to perpetual motion they could imagine. Killings, followed by brisk, clear-cut adventures, and in the end all neatly tied up.

And so to James Bond. Kingsley Amis, in **The James Bond Dossier** (Cape 16s.), gives a close look to the best-known thriller series of our time, and even goes to the length of providing a tabulated summary of Fleming's Big Thirteen—including the story collection *For Your Eyes Only*. Amis is a

professional literary critic who writes with admiration—qualified, but very positive—and he puts the case for Fleming and his creation with verve and skill. Though his book appears some time after Fleming's death, and serves therefore as an epitaph, the greater part was written when Fleming was in full career and it has, therefore, no atmosphere of hushed reverence about it. This is a valuable analysis of the methods of one of the best entertainers this country has produced, and incidentally one of our more satisfactory exports.

I can commend with some confidence two books of short stories, far apart in mood and method, but both of quality. The first is **Not for Publication** by Nadine Gordimer (Gollancz 21s.), a writer from South Africa whose theme is often uprootedness and its effects, or the difficulty of communication. She is subtle about people, women particularly. The other is **The King of Hackney Marshes** by Brian Glanville (Secker & Warburg 21s.) which is "strong," as they say, on the British-type Jew and on professional soccer players. The opening story *Roses in Burnt Oak* gives a convincing idea of the girl so weak that she almost asks for betrayal.

Grace to a Witty Sinner by Edward le Comte (Gollancz 32s. 6d.) is a study of the splendid 17th-century poet, John Donne. It is one more instance of where an American

scholar has gathered a harvest of new facts, not all of them important though few insignificant, and given a fresh picture of literary and ecclesiastical celebrity. Le Comte writes with far more grace than many of his race and kind, and he understands the background to Donne's life in a way which would be creditable to one born and bred in his subject's own City of London.

Briefly . . . I have a positive shoal of interesting paperbacks competing for notice and must, therefore, be even briefer about them than usual. **Persian Illustrated Manuscripts** by G. M. Meredith-Owens and **Etruscan Bronze Utensils** by Sybille Haynes (British Museum 5s. each) are additions to a brilliant little series which I have already starred in this column. Notably good pictures. . . . **The Pebbles on the Shore** by Clarence Ellis (Faber 7s. 6d.) will make beachcombing even more worthwhile, for it is stuffed with information about what one may find on the shores of these islands, where amber and jet are perhaps the most exciting rarities. There are good half-tone plates, and the text is easy reading. . . . Rachel Carson's **Silent Spring** (Penguin and Hamish Hamilton 5s.), so sad in its theme that we are poisoning our fauna and flora by misguided agricultural dressings, has already become a classic of its kind.

Retirement by Boswell Taylor and Robert Russell (Hodder & Stoughton 3s. 6d.) belongs to the growing little library of books intended to help the lot of those in their sixties and beyond who find the problems of living increasingly difficult: it is full of practical advice, though it belongs to the simpler books of its kind. . . . **The Cult of Softness** by Arnold Lunn and Garth Lean (Blandford Press 6s.) is a moral bracer for a slack-seeming age. Back, say the authors, to sterner standards and a more upright life. . . . Lena Larsson, in **Your Child's Room** (Penguin 4s.) provides expert advice, supported by line drawings of great skill and clarity, on how best to furnish for the infant prodigy.

Finally, a welcome to the library reprint of William Plomer's novel of Africa, **Turbott Wolfe** (Hogarth Press 21s.), with a long preface about the author by Laurens van der Post, and about the genesis of his tale. I was one of the earliest to hail Plomer as a novelist, and the years that have passed since then make me surer than ever that he is a writer with a chance to last.



Sir Michael Redgrave, Ian Hendry, Jack Watson and Sean Connery in MGM's *The Hill*, a drama set in a British military stockade in North Africa during the last war. The film, directed by Sidney Lumet, opens at the Empire, Leicester Square on 17 June

The gags with which Mr. Lester has garnished this blithely amoral little tale range from the sophisticated to the slapstick. The best of them include Mr. Crawford's vision of hundreds of rapt girls mounting the stairs to Mr. Brooks's room as if ascending to heaven, Miss Tushingham simulating pregnancy as the only means of halting the traffic at a zebra crossing (a useful hint), and the jangling progress of the brass bedstead on wheels through the streets with Miss Tushingham aboard.

There's not much sophistication about **Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines**—in fact it's slapstick, slapstick all the way. I imagine the pioneer aeronauts were as much public heroes in their day as astronauts are in ours but they're only figures of fun—jolly good fun—to Jack Davies, Ken Annakin and Stan Margulies, who wrote, directed and produced this film.

It gives a breezy, immensely entertaining account of a London-to-Paris air race promoted, in the year 1910, by a British press lord (Robert Morley). Among the competitors in this international event are a British Guards officer (James Fox), and a rugged American (Stuart Whitman)—these two, by the way, are rivals for the hand of the press lord's daughter, Sarah Miles; an air-mad Italian millionaire (Alberto Sordi); a frivolous Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Cassel); a neat Japanese (Yujiro Ishihara); a rascally British baronet (Terry-Thomas); and a pompous German colonel (Gert Frobe), who thinks flying experience is unnecessary as long as one has a book of instructions.

Just to see the dotty-looking contraptions in which these intrepid fellows endeavour to defy gravity is alone worth the price of admission. They come in all shapes (even circular) and are authentic in every detail. Ronald Searle's credit-titles are witty and stylish and Chris Challis's photography, in Technicolor, is first-class.

Based on Scott O'Dell's famous children's book (itself founded on fact), **Island of the Blue Dolphins** tells the strange story of a 12-year-old Indian girl (Celia Kaye) who is left to live all alone on an island off the coast of California after her small brother (Larry Domasin) has been killed by a pack of wild dogs. The girl's resourcefulness and the stoicism with which she accepts her lonely lot are somehow quite inspiring. The film, in colour, is beautiful to look at, and curiously restful.

on records

Gerald Lascelles/The public ear

The uncompromising jazz style of singing that Sarah Vaughan adopted when she first hit the public's ear has been mellowed down the years to a point where I regard her as a ballad singer, who makes rare excursions into the controversial realms of modern music. The most unusual of her recent albums, **Viva! Vaughan** (Mercury) features some good bossa nova and Latin-American themes. Frank Foster, the ex-Basie tenor star, directs the studio accompaniment for the first time, without breaking any sound barriers. Another Mercury album, **My Heart Sings**, boasts only slow ballads, and Miss Vaughan's pronounced vibrato. **Sweet 'n' Sassy** (Columbia) catches her in a similar mood, but has the advantage of some imaginative arrangements by Lalo Schiffrin.

A few weeks ago I made a passing reference to Roland Kirk, the blind exponent of multi-instrumental blowing technique. **We Free Kings** (Mercury), recorded in 1961, is certainly the most exciting of a handful of albums released here. Lest anyone should think that this is nothing but a circus musician's stunt, or an electronic trick, I can assure them that I have seen and heard him play comparable music on the concert hall stage and in the intimacy of a night club, and have even discussed with him some of the intricacies of breathing and fingering involved in his performances. His tenor playing is exemplary, his work on flute immaculate, and both the strich and manzello provide him with solo opportunities. Both the title track and *Sack Full of Soul* display some of the possibilities opened up by one man blowing his own ensemble. In another recent album, **Domino** (Mercury), Roland introduces some moments of humour, such as the explosive use of a siren at the close of one track. This album's interest is increased by the presence of Andrew Hill, promising young jazz pianist.

It seems that even established singers like Jimmy Witherspoon have problems when it comes to recording. **Some of My Best Friends Have the Blues** (Stateside) is a very mixed bag, despite Benny Golson's big band accompaniment. His real worth is fully established in **Jimmy**

Witherspoon in Person (Vogue), a live recording from Paris in 1961. Don't be put off by the French label's failure to spell his name correctly: the music is really outstanding. My only regret is that this group never visited England. Buck Clayton leads the accompanying group, with Emmett Berry, Dicky Wells, Earl Warren, Buddy Tate, and Sir Charles Thompson in close attendance. Jimmy's voice, slightly reminiscent of Jimmy Rushing in some ways, recaptures the true meaning of the blues in this invigorating set, where the instrumentalists almost fight a battle with the singer for the greatest honours.

It must be over 20 years since I first filed a record by Sleepy John Estes in my catalogue, yet I can remember the music as vividly as the day I first heard it. That music was from a session in 1937, whereas **Portraits in Blues** (Storyville) was recorded in the early '60's, when Sleepy John must have been well over 60. They even managed to get his friend and accompanist Hammie Nixon out of hiding to play his wailing harmonica on the session. Big Bill Broonzy, describing how he left home to work under John Estes, referred to his way of "cryin' the blues," which is a very expressive way of describing the sound that Sleepy John produces. There is a different sort of lift in the rhythm of this blues music from that which one hears in the urban blues of today.



DOMINIC

Ingrid Bergman takes the leading role in Sir Michael Redgrave's production of Turgenev's A Month in the Country which opened the six-week festival season at the new Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford

on galleries

Robert Wraight / A private world

Jim Dine, you may remember, is the young American artist who distinguished himself (at least from other artists) in last year's Tate Gallery exhibition, **Painting and Sculpture of a Decade 54-64**, by showing a washbasin which he called *Black Bathroom No. 2*. He also showed a painted diptych of two men's ties, 50 inches high, called *A Black on White Tie and a White on Black Tie*. His latest work, now showing at the Robert Fraser Gallery, is, I am happy to report, more closely related to the latter (painted in 1961) than to the former, which he put together in 1962.

There are about a dozen large works, all dated 1965, in the current show. Nearly all are oil paintings on canvas, with collage additions, and about half incorporate real or painted articles of clothing. *My Tuxedo Makes and Impresses Blunt Edge to the Light*, for example, includes an old dinner jacket and trousers on hangers attached to the canvas, and, on the floor in front of the canvas, a pair of patent leather shoes. *British Joys* (a picture of *Mary Quant*), includes a dress run up to a Mary Quant pattern by, I understand, the artist's wife.

The present vogue in America for things English, especially English clothes, has evidently fired Dine's imagination. Another picture, a drawing in charcoal of a big floppy collar, is titled *Total Modness* (*The big floppy collar by Gerald McCann*). Another source of inspiration (I use the word without conviction) is the studio of British sculpture, Eduardo Paolozzi, which Dine had seen only in a photograph. In *Short Visit to Paolozzi's Studio No. 1*, drawn electric light bulbs and real electrical wiring feature prominently. In *Short Visit to Paolozzi's Studio No. 2*, the most prominent feature is a real large steel wrench.

Electric light bulbs (and the light they give) are something of an obsession with the artist. The drawn shapes of them or the real things appear in many of these new pictures while others include painted, *trompe l'oeil* shadows that anticipate the effects of gallery lighting.

Almost without exception these Dine paintings are in black, white and various greys. They are evidently far removed from last year's paintings

which, when shown in New York, were described as "horrific and suggestive of the slaughterhouse and the guillotine" and as "truly stomach turning." They are glimpses of a private world to which I cannot pretend to have the key. "There are only a handful of people who seem to understand what I am doing," Dine said recently. And I am not one of that handful.

Yet I find his work sufficiently intriguing for me to be curious to see what he will do next. That is more than I can say about most of the young artists (Dine is 30) who nowadays monopolize so much gallery space.

Even so, I have given too much of my space to Mr. Dine and have left far too little in which to do justice to a number of exhibitions of old and not-so-old masters that should not be missed. Here are some of them:

At the Hallsborough Gallery, **From Butinone to Chagall** is a wide-ranging exhibition of very high quality. Among the highlights are G. D. Tiepolo's *Christ Healing the Blind*, Lucas Cranach's *Lucretia*, Pieter de Hooch's *An Interior with Gay Company*, a group of four genre pictures by Pietro Longhi, Alessandro Magnasco's *Christ Ministered By the Angels After the Temptation in the Wilderness*, and Fantin-Latour's *Mauves Blanches et Roses*. There are also small works of great charm by Salomon van Ruysdael, Ambrosius Bosschaert, Jan Brueghel II, J. B. van Fornenburgh and others, and a number of Old Master drawings of quality.

At Roland Browse & Delbanco's, **Géricault to Courbet** includes not only some notable works by the major masters of the period but also a number of exciting and interesting things by some of the less highly esteemed, the little-knowns and the unknowns.

At the Hal O'Nians Gallery, in St. James's, Colonel Rupert Preston presents his second exhibition of 17th-century Dutch marine paintings. Fine works by Willem van de Velde the Younger, Simon de Vlieger, Abraham Storck and others, and a remarkably informative catalogue, make this a show of unusual interest and importance.

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MOTORING

Dudley Noble / Driving on home ground

One of the best known cars on the British market half-a-century ago was the Fiat, and the intervening years have seen it occupying a high place in our affections. Not long ago I visited their modern Turin factory—almost a city in itself—and more recently I have driven one of the latest 1500 Fiats the length and breadth of Sicily.

It is in many ways a typical Italian saloon, with the squarish lines which the body designers of that country have accepted as being the vogue. There is none the less a very definite grace and artistry about the whole ensemble, functional though it may be, accommodating its load of four persons with adequate space for shoulders, knees and even head despite the compact overall dimensions of 13 ft. 3 ins. length, 5 ft. width and 4 ft. 8½ ins. height. There is a roomy luggage boot into the bargain.

Two separate models can be had in this same cladding; the alternative to the 1500 is the 1300, which has a smaller but similar engine (1295 c.c. against 1481 c.c.). The price is £105 less, at £829, and the performance naturally is not so lively. It would, however, satisfy many people because 88 m.p.h. is attainable, compared with about 95 m.p.h. with the 1500, and petrol consumption is about 3 m.p.g. better at around 32.

I must confess that, after trying both, I should not find it easy to say which of the two I was actually driving unless, of course, it was on a motorway or fast Continental road, or



Fiats new and old: the 1500 and a vintage predecessor

perhaps in the Alps or Dolomites. Under the bonnet there is a normal four cylinder water cooled engine, with a four speed all synchromesh gearbox immediately behind it and the conventional propeller shaft beneath the floor driving the back wheels.

Inside the four door body one's first impression at the controls is that the steering wheel is perched rather high. One sometimes hears criticism of there being insufficient space under the wheel to give enough room for the thighs; this could never happen with a Fiat 1300 or 1500. Even the fact that your arms are required to adopt an upward sloping position does not worry you after a brief

acquaintance; the worst thing about the attitude is that a short driver may find his forward view partly obstructed by the upper rim of the steering wheel.

The front seats are both adjustable over quite a wide range rear and forwards, and their backs have a clever adjustment that lets you find just the slope you want. To save the driver having to keep his eye on a multiplicity of gauges the Fiat designers have substituted a row of warning lights on the fascia panel. They are all different colours, and you could conjure up visions of the Blackpool illuminations if it should happen that simultaneously there was (a) no oil pressure,

(b) dynamo out of action, (c) choke not pushed home, (d) hand brake not fully released, (e) tank almost empty and (f) one trafficator out of action.

Fiats put the gearlever on the steering column but have exorcised the gremlins that so often bedevil this type of control; they have managed to make it precise and smooth working—though I must admit that there is a knack to be mastered in engaging first and second gears. As to the engine, it runs very nicely and only makes its presence felt and heard when driven near its peak; but even then the noise is no more than that of busy machinery, which the average Continental enjoys. Nor does it ask for premium petrol, despite fairly high compression.

The arrangement of the throttle is ingenious, inasmuch as most of the time only one of the twin chokes of the carburettor is in action; the second lies in wait for full power to be demanded, and so a light foot brings petrol parsimony. Easy handling is another of these Fiats' charms.

Prices in this country are not by any means high for cars of such calibre: £829 for the 1300, £934 for the 1500, tax paid. And, if you buy one in Britain but would like to take delivery in Italy, Fiats will present you with a one-way air ticket to any of the 10 cities at which they have a branch and there is an international airport. The car will be right hand drive, and finished to your instructions: it will have Italian export number plates so you can holiday on the Continent and return home in style.

MAN'S WORLD

David Morton / Off I go in my hired tumbriel

Any man who expects to go to more than 10 weddings before his shape alters radically can economize by buying morning dress. So the choice between hiring or buying rests on simple mathematics, with any visits to the races presenting a dividend. Hiring probably costs about £4; having morning dress made to order may cost upwards of £40. So if the majority of a man's friends are already married, or if they are confirmed bachelors and spinsters, it is clearly more economical to hire.

Moss Bros and wedding hire are pretty well synonymous, and many Saturday afternoon receptions are continued in a more restrained, slightly less convivial atmosphere on Monday morning when the hired clothes are returned. Many a bogus telegram has been read out at weddings: "Return morning dress promptly. Ascot next week. Moss." Moss Bros

have 16 branches outside London, and more than 200 tailors and outfitters act as their agents, so dress hire by post becomes an easy matter after filling in a special measurement form.

The style and fit of hired morning suit rest very much in the customer's hands. The fit, if the hirer is demanding enough, can be perfect, and here the personal shopper has an advantage over the postal customer. Style is more of a vexed question; the morning coat is a classic of style and there isn't much room for manoeuvre. Perhaps this is a good thing—it is after all a sort of uniform, rather like evening dress. The bride provides the beauty, the groom and best man and guests merely acting in a supporting role.

But I do wish that it were possible to hire trousers that measure less than 17 inches

around the bottoms. And I have never been able to find spongebag trousers, only the ubiquitous stripes. Similarly, the waistcoats on offer never have lapels in the single-breasted style, and the lapels are too wide and low in the double breasted version.

The simple mathematics I mentioned earlier have indicated that I should have a morning suit made to order. I still have a slightly guilty feeling about spending so much money on a suit that I shan't wear, perhaps, more than once or twice a year. But I've managed to salve that guilt with a crafty compromise. My suit is in pale grey Tonik cloth by Dormeuil, and is one of the very few five piece suits in existence. It consists of a morning coat, a waistcoat, two pairs of trousers and a jacket. So in fact it is two suits in one; I only have to swap the jacket for the morning coat and I have a light lounge suit.

If one isn't satisfied with the style of trousers or waistcoat offered for hire, there is another, cheaper, alternative. One can have the trousers and

waistcoat made to order, and only hire the morning coat.

Morning dress offers endless scope to the accessory-minded. A buttonhole is essential—white for the groom, best man and ushers, red for the guests. Native good taste will rule out those strange confections made of ferns, silver paper, test-tubes and so on. A stiff collar looks best with the coat, supporting its shoulders and neck and looking incomparably neater. Ties are traditionally light in colour, and shouldn't clash with the general effect of white, black and grey. Hence the silver and black weaves.

With all this under control, one can settle back and enjoy all the pleasures of a wedding. Moss Bros offer an extremely useful little book to those playing a leading role—"What's the drill for the wedding?" It's informative and amusing. I was married last week, and I particularly enjoyed "climb cheerfully into the tumbriel and go to meet your fate with a gay smile, like the losing team in the French Revolution."

DINING IN

Helen Burke / Tomato Island

I recently visited Guernsey when tomatoes, the island's precious fruit, were in full crop. Mr. James A. Le Garff, the manager of the Guernsey Tomato Marketing Board, took me round, showing me the growing, grading and packing of the fruit and the experimental station where everything is done not only to produce more tomatoes but also better flavoured ones.

Imagine an island of greenhouses which still retain the name of "vineries" because, years ago, grapes were grown in them. They occupy one acre in every 15, and tomatoes are grown in much the same way that grape vines are trained. They look like rose pergolas, the plants being trained to a height of six feet, then horizontally for three feet and down along the facing row thus forming an arch. In this way, two rows produce up to 12 feet of tomato-yielding plants, the trusses of fruit hanging like grapes.

The tomatoes are picked when beautifully red but still not yet fully ripe. Then they are graded, packed and despatched, and this routine will continue to go on for months.

The export of tomatoes from Guernsey is controlled by an order of the States Committee for Horticulture and is in accordance with certain requirements. There are seven grades and in Grade 1 the diameter of the fruit ranges from a minimum of 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches to a maximum of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The tomatoes must be free from any blemishes, smooth skinned and round and reasonably uniform as to ripeness and colour. No ungraded tomatoes are accepted for export.

The tomatoes in their special trays are sent by the growers to the central Marketing Board, where they are closely inspected. As each tray bears the grower's identity mark, it is a very simple matter to trace any faulty fruit to its origin.

Last year we consumed £7,000,000 worth of Guernsey tomatoes. This is an indication of the importance of the industry. It is estimated, indeed, that one out of three of the island's adult population is directly or indirectly engaged in the industry.

My final visit was to the experimental station where I met Mr. Siddell whose life has

been devoted to improving old favourite varieties of tomatoes and bringing out new ones. Just recently, he has managed to produce a variety with a first-class flavour as well as being a heavy cropper. This is exceptional because, as a rule, heavy croppers—whether tomatoes or potatoes—have less flavour than other types, though I have never yet met a grower who would admit this.

Now for TOMATO SALAD. Dip the tomatoes for a moment in boiling water and the skin of each can be peeled off in two or three strips, leaving them perfectly firm for slicing. Arrange the slices in a shallow dish and sprinkle with chopped fresh sweet basil, when available, or chopped chives. Season with salt and pepper to taste. As a dressing, some people recommend just a good rich olive oil, others the addition of very little mild wine vinegar, and yet others who want only a sprinkling of caster sugar.

STUFFED TOMATOES make a very pleasant first course. Choose large ones. Cut a thin slice off the blossom end of each and remove the flesh. For the filling, mix together to your liking flaked, cooked white crab meat, cooked rice, chopped chives, a touch of garlic, seasoning to taste and the tomato pulp. Add just enough mayonnaise to moisten the mixture and pile a portion in each tomato "shell."

It seems a pity to cook first-

class tomatoes, but I enjoy baking stuffed large ones together with stuffed large mushrooms. The following amounts could well be served as a main course for four: cut a slice off each of four large tomatoes and scoop out the pulp, as above. Sprinkle the inside of the "shells" with a little salt, then invert them and leave them to drain while preparing the stuffing. At the same time, very quickly wash and dry four large mushrooms.

Mix together 6 oz. of finely minced veal and 2 oz. of minced unsmoked bacon. Fry these together with the chopped mushroom stems and a finely chopped onion, breaking up the lumps which form. Add the juice from a small clove of garlic. Away from the heat, add the pulp from the tomatoes and four tablespoons of boiled rice. Add also a dessertspoon of chopped basil or parsley, the liquid from the tomatoes, freshly milled pepper and, if necessary, more salt.

Divide half this stuffing between the tomatoes, heaping it well up. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan or mild English cheese. Add a teaspoon of olive oil to each of the mushroom caps, then heap a portion of the remaining stuffing on each. Place the tomatoes and mushrooms in a buttered shallow oven-dish, sprinkle them with a little melted butter and bake them for 30 to 35 minutes at 375 degrees F., or gas mark 5.



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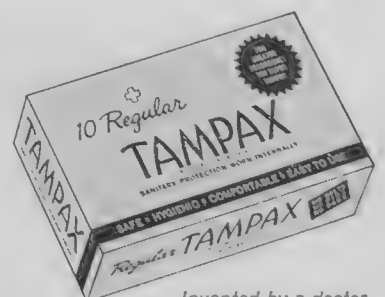
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A successful summer face or body can be tanned gently and slowly with the help of a sunscreen preparation, or protected from tan or freckles but given a summery glow with the right foundation and powder. If you are young or have a naturally oily skin you can choose the former. It is fun to have people admire your nice even tan, and it looks wonderful with white. But take your sunshine in very small doses as if it were a dangerous medicine.

Rule One: Cover all exposed parts with a sunscreen preparation and take it out with you to re-apply after three or four hours, after swimming and after perspiring.

Rule Two: Start your sunbathing early in the morning or late in the afternoon, not in the dangerous hours 12—3 p.m.

Rule Three: Expose your skin for not more than 10 minutes on back and front for the first day, increasing the dose by five minutes each day till you have

developed your protective tan.

Rule Four: For all but the naturally oily skinned, put back what the sun has stolen—oil and moisture—by applying skin food and a moisturising preparation on alternate nights.

Good sunscreen preparations for this group are: Lancôme's Filtre solaire, Sun Gold by Countess Csaky, Sun Tan Foam by Helena Rubinstein, Innox Tan, Ambre Solaire Mousse, Elizabeth Arden's Suntan Lotion, Max Factor's Sun Bliss.

If you are not so young, if you freckle or tend to produce dark pigmentation spots or have a thin or very dry or sensitive skin, play safe and as far as possible stay in the shade and wear a preparation that gives extra protection. Many of these preparations are tinted to give a sun-kissed look, others can be used under warmly tinted foundation and powder. Here are the preparations I recommend. Among the untinted, Elizabeth Arden's Protecta Cream, Innox Kerodex 12W

(water resistant), Lancôme's Sunsport, Lenthéric's Sun 'n' Wind. Tinted preparations are Charles of the Ritz Sun Bronze, Special Face Lotion by Rose Laird in the Tropical Shade, Revlon's Bronze Lustre Tanning Jelly.

If the sun catches you out and you burn, apply Elizabeth Arden's Eight Hour Cream, or tannic acid jelly or calamine lotion, both of which are obtainable from any chemist. A sun-sore body can be soothed by bathing in a starch bath. To make this, blend a cupful of starch into a smooth paste with cold water then add this to a lukewarm bath.

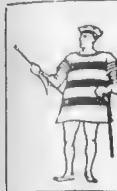
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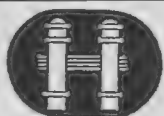
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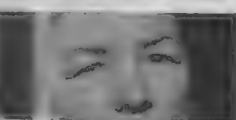


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* Money sent to Oxfam *works*. It buys food and medical supplies in emergencies, welfare and rehabilitation for refugees, seed, fertilizer, tools and training to help end hunger permanently in developing countries.

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Weddings and Engagements

Macdonald-Parsons: Aline, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. G. A. Macdonald, of Priors Marston, Warwickshire, was married to the Hon. Martin Parsons, younger son of the Earl & Countess of Rosse, of Birr Castle, Co. Offaly, Ireland, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Davies-Carr: Daphne Mary, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. G. P. Davies, of Onslow Gardens, S.W.7, was married to Jonathan Dodgson, son of Mr. & Mrs. Stephen D. Carr, of Tarn Lodge, Heads Nook, Cumberland, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



Smith-Richards: Patricia, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. J. Smith, of Badminton, Glos., was married to John, son of the late Mr. Norman Richards, and of Mrs. Richards, of Lordswood, Sherston, at St. Michael & All Angels, Badminton



LENARE

Miss Jane Brooks Trinder to Mr. David Frederick George: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Horace Brooks Trinder, of Ashridge Park, Berkhamsted, Herts. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. D. H. George, of Denant, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire



LENARE

Lady Melissa Bligh to Senor Don Manuel Torrado y de Font-Cuberta: She is the daughter of the late Earl of Darnley and of Mme. Pierre Trasenster, of Meadow House, Cobham, Kent, and Brussels. He is the son of the late Senor Don Manuel Torrado Varela and of Senora Dona Carmen de Font-Cuberta, Viuda de Torrado, Barcelona



LENARE

Miss Judith Van Oss to Mr. Martin Branston: She is the daughter of Mr. Oliver Van Oss, of Eton College, and the late Mrs. Van Oss. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Branston, of Kyme Cottage, Newton Kyme, Tadcaster, Yorks

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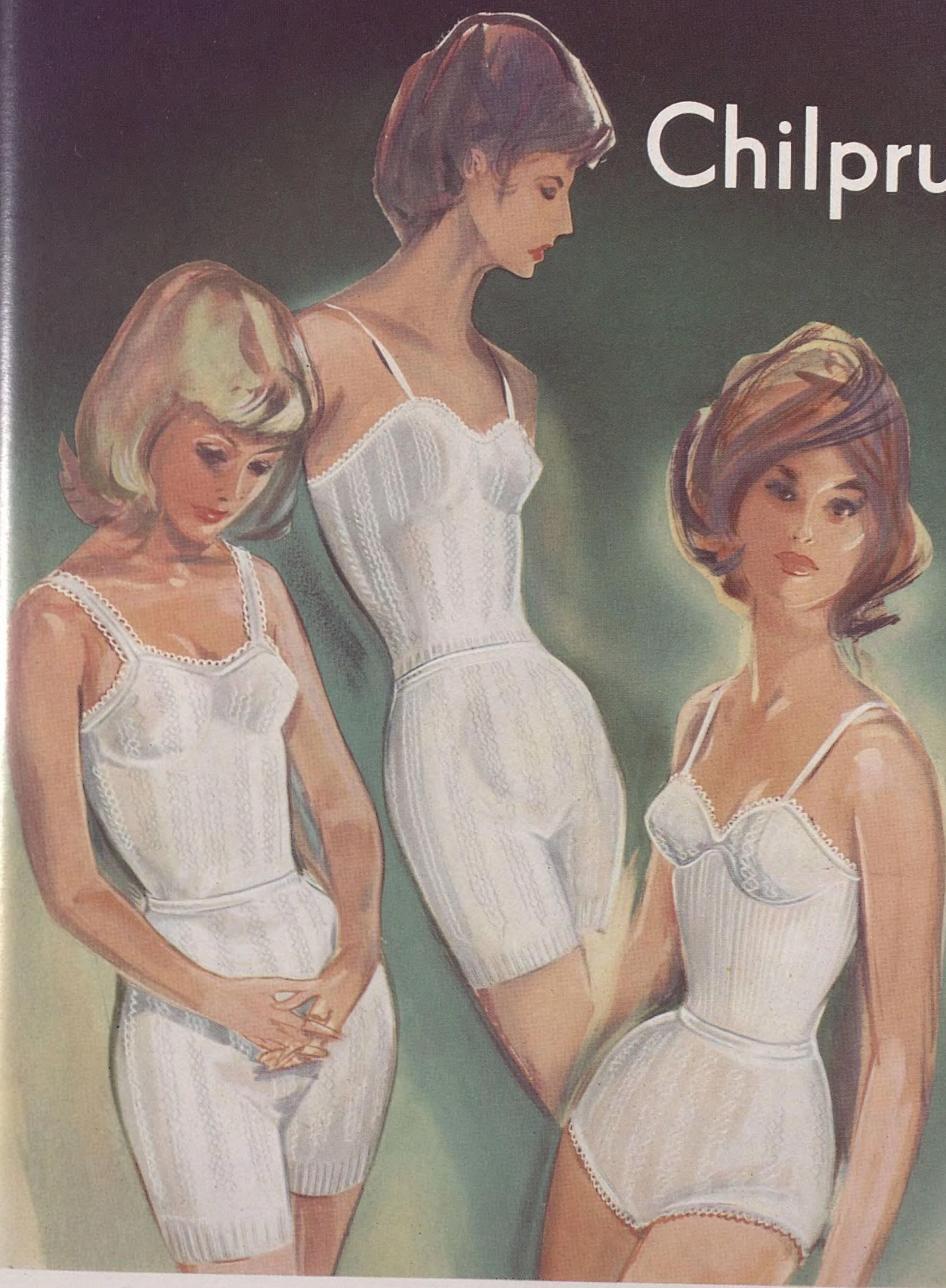


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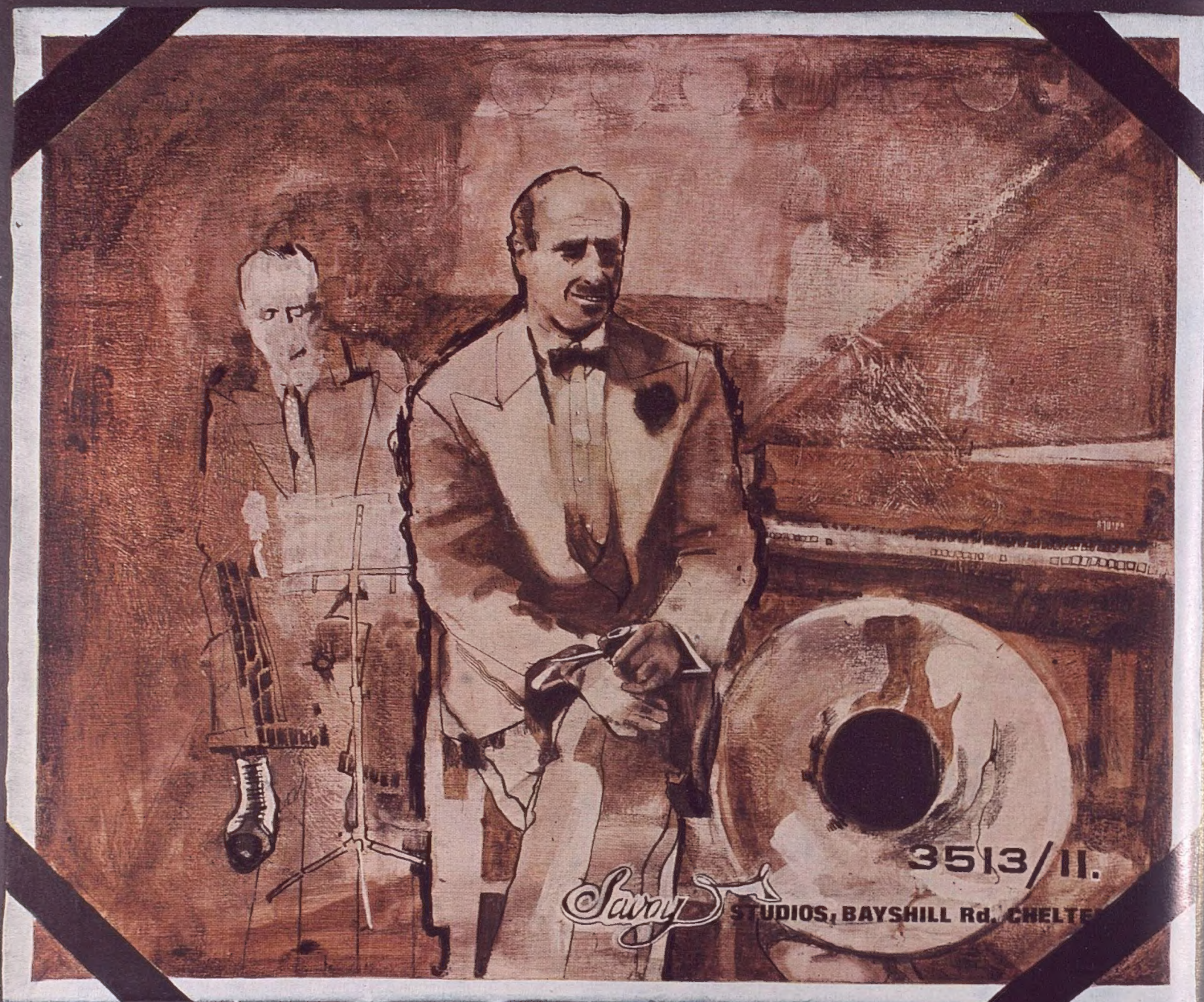
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Artist Brian Norwood, 20, has satirist's taste for old films and—here—old souvenir postcards.

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